# JOHN BULL

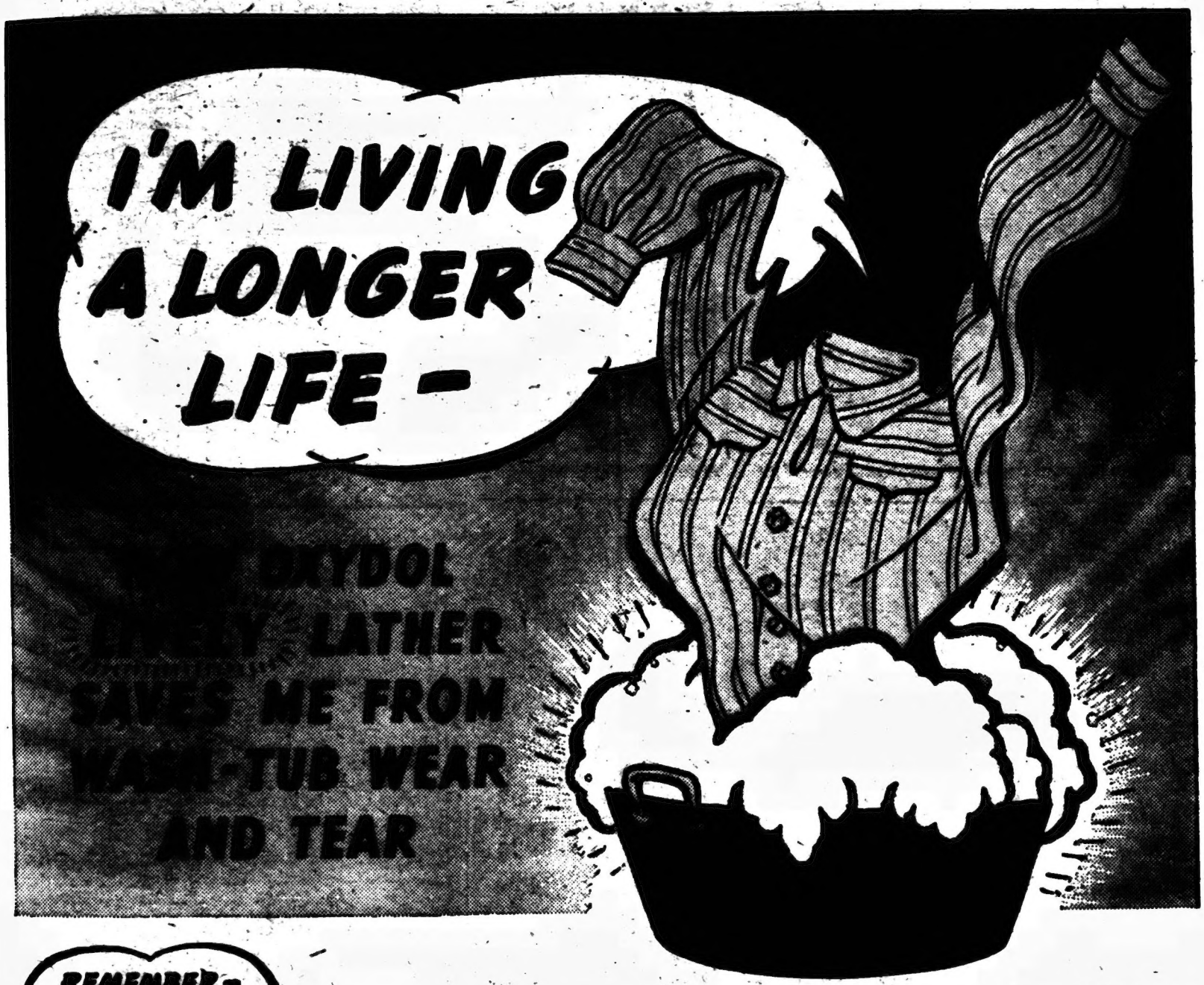
2½D

VOL. LXX 1839


**FRANCE WILL RISE AGAIN!** By A.G.G.

**SNOW SPECTRE TO HAUNT HITLER**

**A LOVELY WAR — FOR SOME** By the EDITOR

You can wear out your clothes more quickly in the wash-tub than on your back! Surprising? It's true! Scientific tests prove that rubbing and scrubbing with harsh soaps and boiling with strong bleaching powders actually *double* "wash-tub wear and tear." These rough washing methods fray fabrics and rot fibres . . . ageing clothes long before their time. So, cut down "wash-tub wear and tear" today, with Oxydol! Washed with Oxydol, your clothes will actually last nearly half as long again! For Oxydol's amazing lively lather gets out *all* the dirt with absolute safety. There's no need to rub or scrub with Oxydol . . . no danger of damaging fabrics or of clothes fading. Oxydol washes everything spotlessly clean *without punishment!*

Just think what this means! Because Oxydol increases the life of your clothes by nearly half as much again—you save enough precious clothes coupons for a pair of new winter shoes. Prove this for yourself; buy your first packet of Oxydol today!

**OXYDOL**

*You can buy Oxydol everywhere:* 1/-, 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Open up for MALTESERS
Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty and give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!
Maltesers
2½
Mummy and Daddy please leave them for us! Johnny *
★ Sorry you can't get all you want — supplies are rationed!

## Smile all the while

Whatever the day brings we've got to keep smiling. So let's make our smiles worth while. Above all don't take chances with your teeth. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your finest teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Bubbles being perfect for neutral teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. & 1/6.

*Keep the winning*

**Odol**

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

*Smile!*


# The Girl who was Too Popular

IT was just a year ago that I first left home to take a secretarial job at an estate-agent's in X——.

I thought it would be humdrum work but my chief was busy organizing Home Guard detachments and so he often left the whole office in my charge. Also I had to write most of the advertisements—all about "a little gem in safe seas," etc.

To tell the truth, I *loved* the work—but it wasn't exactly a rest-cure.

And then, on top of that, I made a lot of friends in X——.

ANYWAY, after a bit I began to feel terribly tired. It came to the point when I turned down invitations just so that I could go to bed early. Not that it helped. Even after ten hours in bed I still seemed to be tired.

Then last spring I went back home to see my parents. When my mother saw me she said I looked ten years older and she persuaded me to see our old family doctor.

When he found I felt tired even when I woke up in the mornings, he said my trouble was that I wasn't getting the right kind of sleep.

He explained that there are three sleep groups. There are the people who can't sleep and lie awake listening to the clock striking. They're 3rd Group Sleepers. Then there are the 2nd Group people (as I was) who don't feel rested even after 8 or 9 hours' sleep because they're not getting deep, restoring sleep.

Lastly there are the 1st Group Sleepers—the people who get lovely, deep, refreshing sleep. They feel fine even if they only get a few hours of it because it's such restoring sleep. Doctor told me to take Horlicks to help me to get back into the 1st Group.

I started taking it while I was at home. What a difference it's made to me! I can run the office, take my turn fire-watching *and* go to parties! All because, thanks to Horlicks, I get the recuperative benefits of 1st Group Sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation.

* * *

IN these days it is more than ever important to have the deep, restoring sleep that Horlicks brings. You will find you not only wake up refreshed, but gradually your health and spirits improve all round because Horlicks is such a grand general "builder-up-er."

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure the most equitable distribution of the supplies of Horlicks that are available.


# MARMITE

*PLEASE use it sparingly just now!*

**CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH**

It makes boots so smart, comfortable and waterproof.

CB/72/

*HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN*

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep the skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

**ROWNTREE'S COCOA gives you an extra supply of Fresh-Food Vitamins**

*Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.*

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week-ending Saturday, September 13, 1941.*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## IN JEOPARDY

● **Some people in this country aren't using their brains.**

**They apparently think we can beat the Nazis, who have been arming for years and now are masters of the Continent, with one arm tied behind our back.**

**They don't think we need use all our resources. JOHN BULL thinks they should think again.**

**Some of them live in Dundee. A few—only a few—of the citizens of that city are making a fuss because some jute factories are to be closed—closed in order that Britain can make more tanks and ships and bombs.**

**They talk of the "pernicious character" of the scheme for telescoping non-essential industries.**

**They say their fellow-citizens have grave cause for anxiety.**

**They don't say that the threat of a Nazi victory is far more pernicious, and that Dundee folk would have graver cause for anxiety if they starved the Services of munitions and thus allowed the Nazis to win.**

**There are people like them in many towns and many industries.**

**They should be complaining, instead, that factories are not being changed over to war production *quickly enough*.**

**Ignore them! Most people have a wider vision. And so, we hope, has the Government.**

**We want munitions, speedily and in great quantities. Roll them out!**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# GANGSTERS' CHOICE

**WHEN a gangster is in a tight spot he fires at everyone in the way, police and passers-by alike.**

**That is what Hitler is doing—and the slant-eyed bullies of Tokio.**

**They are in a tight corner all right. But there will be a hard chase and many more victims will fall before the handcuffs can be snapped on their wrists.**

### Russian Plan

**The running fight in Russia sways back and forth. There is so much shooting that it is difficult for the spectator to see through the smoke.**

**But the Russians are evidently trying to develop the counter-attacks round Smolensk and Gomel into a counter-offensive.**

**That would relieve the terrific pressure in the Leningrad and Kiev sectors. It would imperil the German flanks. Thus it would straighten the line of battle for a sit-down winter war that Hitler cannot afford.**

### Now or Never

**So Hitler is making a supreme effort. He has only three weeks before the weather can be expected to break in the North and his armies there become stuck in the mud.**

**He is bringing up his reserves. He has taken away regiments from Alsace and Lorraine. He has cut down the garrison in Paris by *two-thirds*.**

### Gestapo Ruled

**But do not expect the French to seize this opportunity. Indeed, we delude ourselves if we think they can do so.**

**They are still cowed by a vast Gestapo. If they show spirit, they are hastily condemned to death by French judges who have forgotten the meaning of Justice.**

**The French people will rise again. But not this year.**

### Conquer or Perish

**Meanwhile, they toil for Germany.**

**In the great factories of Hotchkiss and Renault, Citroen and Bleriot, they produce weapons for their oppressors. On the roads, they slave to prepare the way for fresh conquests by Nazi tanks.**

**For, if Hitler is fought to a standstill in Russia—and he will be—he must attack elsewhere. He must conquer or perish.**

### Ready for Spain

**He may strike through Spain and Portugal—to prey upon our Atlantic shipping, to shut up the Mediterranean.**

**We have told you how all roads to Spain have been made ready for this thrust.**

**Now the Germans have 100,000 men waiting on the Pyrenees. Now they boast that they can cross Spain in a day and a half.**

### On the Nazi Map

**That might prove less stupid than most Nazi boasts.**

**It might be significant that Spanish papers are again full of coarse abuse of Britain.**

**A new Nazi map of Europe has been published. It shows Portugal as part of the Nazi domains.**

### Threat to Turkey

**The greater the Nazi difficulties in Russia become, so the danger to Turkey mounts.**

**The Allies guard her back doors in Iran, Irak and Syria. But the Nazis are lined up outside her front door.**

**They have sent a "trade mission" to talk to her statesmen. But it is not a trade agreement they want.**

**What they seek is permission to send their warships through the Dardanelles.**

**The perplexed Turks will refuse. But refusal will not increase their chance of remaining outside the conflict.**

### Japan's Problem

**Japan has a different dilemma.**

**Her life blood is being drained away in China. She seeks blood transfusions. But there are no willing donors.**

**If she uses force to obtain them, ABCD will spell her death.**

**America, Britain, China and the Dutch East Indies cry "Stop or Die!" Hitler and her own desperate war lords cry: "Advance or Die!"**

**Her war lords are gaining in political power.**

### Non-Fatal Wounds

**Such is the position and the prospects of the Axis gangsters. Remember that none fight so savagely as those who are desperate.**

**They have suffered ghastly losses. They are bleeding from many wounds. But they are not yet near collapse.**

**And we need be stronger.**

### U.S.A. Disunity

**Not all our muscles are braced for the fight.**

**In the United States, training is hampered by muddle and miscalculations.**

**There are strikes over such trifles as which trade union shall be allowed the use of a notice board in a war factory.**

**The Isolationists have grown in authority during recent months. The President has to go slow, for he has not the power of a dictator.**

### Not Ready

**So the U.S.A. is still in our pre-Munich stage. We have done much since those days. We have speeded up our arms production.**

**But it is still less than it could be. We are still leaving most of the fighting to the Russians, much as we want to help them.**

### Waiting for Work

**A worker from a great aero factory came into our office yesterday. He told a horrifying story of poor production.**

**He showed us satirical poems that the workers had pinned on the notice-board—verses telling how men and women had to stand idle all day.**

### Sleep or Fight

**One charge-hand in that factory was reprimanded for allowing the men to sleep on night shift.**

**He answered, "If they're not allowed to sleep they play cards. And then they quarrel and fight.**

**"They can only sleep or play. There's no work for them to do."**

**And it is sometimes left to a typist to decide how many police shall be on duty at the gates!**

### Action

**JOHN BULL arranged an immediate interview between that worker and a high official of the Ministry of Aircraft Production.**

**Every day, JOHN BULL brings such stories to official attention. And, usually, officialdom takes prompt action.**

**But, as the trade union speakers have declared, there should be a more direct method of bringing production hold-ups to light.**

### Vital Reform

**A T.U.C. delegate has argued that the workers should be represented on the Area Production Boards.**

**That is one of the most useful and necessary suggestions of the war.**

### Remedy

**If the workers were represented on the Area Production Boards they would know the reason for production hold-ups. And if no reason existed, they could get the muddle put right.**

**They would be able to influence, also, the indirect factors in bad production. Such as transport.**

### Wicked Waste

**Some workers wait an hour for 'bus or train to take them to the job.**

**Both time and transport is wasted because nobody tries to provide work nearer their homes. The Government seems to make a virtue of trying to send them as far away as possible.**

### Shuttlecocks!

**Very many war workers have to cross from one side of London to the other, morning and night.**

**Provincial workers go each morning to factories twenty miles away. But the factories in their own district are staffed by people who live at the other side of the county!**

### Let Them Speak

**They should have the means of seeing that such stupidities are ended.**

**They deserve more than praise for their war work. They deserve a voice in the direction of that work.**

### All Together!

**Plainly, we must make greater efforts to meet the greater efforts of the gangsters.**

**One year ago, 185 Nazi 'planes crashed from the skies in a single day. To-day, the *Luftwaffe* seeks in the Battle of Russia what it failed to obtain in the Battle of Britain.**

**And the Russians need our aid in that incomparably immense campaign.**

**WE MUST SEND THEM ALL WE CAN SPARE—AND MORE.**

*(Continued overleaf)*

## CLEAN UP THE CITY GAMBLERS

● **Scotland Yard men are busy on a special inquiry ordered by the Prime Minister.**

**They are finding out how important information leaked out from Whitehall and brought big profits to City speculators.**

**Advance news of Government food and clothing rationing somehow reached financiers and big traders.**

**Officials have been interrogated; a report will be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions.**

**JOHN BULL suggests that the Yard's field should be widened. It should include the recent railway agreement.**

**Big money was made by speculators who learned in advance of the State decision to hire the railways.**

**One Stock Exchange man actually mentioned the exact rental figure of £43,000,000 a year.**

**Oddly, every other agreement between the Government and the railways in late years has brought a similar preliminary boom in railway stocks.**

**It is too odd to be a coincidence, and too odd to be pleasant.**

**How did the news get out?**

**The Yard should find out. The public has a right to know.**

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PEOPLE won't be able to spend so much money in future. The Government will see to that.

It considers that money is being spent which could, and should, be invested in War Savings.

If we're honest, most of us will agree.

## More Rationing

Not only are more foodstuffs to be rationed.

**Experts are considering how to "ration" crockery, glassware, cutlery, pots and pans and other domestic goods.**

But enough will be left available for replacing air raid losses.

## "Don't-Know" Queues

That some folk are buying things they don't actually need is proved by the growth of the queue habit.

Some men were buying nails in a chain store. Service was slow, so they formed a little queue while the nails were being counted out.

**Other people joined the queue. Soon it stretched outside the shop, round a corner. Most of the people had no idea what they would get.**

## New Style Truants

Another aspect of the queueing nuisance is brought to our notice by a schoolmistress.

**She finds that older girls are being kept away from school to wander from shop to shop for their mothers.**

## Milk Starvation

Milk isn't rationed yet; perhaps it won't be, for winter prospects are now brighter.

But one Liverpool dairyman can "spare" only a pint daily for a woman, her husband and twins. And it's delivered in a bottle inscribed, "Drink More Milk."

**If you're similarly treated, inform the Food office.**

## Notice to Quit

Billeting is still being muddled.

A London woman and her five children have been told to leave their evacuation quarters. There is no complaint against them, but their landlady wants a rest.

There are houses in the village occupied by one person, but they don't want evacuees. So the woman and her children will have to return to face the bombs.

## Hard Hitting

Do you ever listen to the B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany? They're getting tough.

**Gone are the weary Oxford tones and gentle rebukes. The B.B.C. deserves a tribute for its new style of fierce attack and hard facts.**

Nowadays the Oxford accent comes from German broadcasts to Britain.

## Wild Lying

But the German propagandists are losing their heads. They are distorting facts so wildly that any British listener would know they were lying.

Maybe Australian troops will answer their assertion that Australian Labour is anti-war and is violently protesting against "hundreds of thousands of Australian lives" being thrown away.

## Hospital B!ues

Wounded Service men have played football on the lawns of Buckingham Palace, then enjoyed a garden party.

Press photographs showed them in drab suits cut in late Victorian style.

**When will hospital authorities realise that men are not helped towards recovery by clothes that make them feel silly?**

## Now He Knows

Arteries of Whitehall officials will never be worn out by hustling.

Man served with an "immediate evacuation" notice last May asked what was meant by "immediate." He has just received the official answer.

He must obey the order by next December.

## Weed them Out!

Whitehall should note that young women of leisure have quickly responded to the news that mobilisation of women is to be tightened up.

**They have responded by taking fictitious posts as secretaries and supervisors in their fathers' factories.**

## Making Work

No doubt Whitehall could also spare some of its own inflated staff for war work.

**Board of Education, for example, still checks up every addition to school registers, instead of taking the headmaster's word for it.**

What a waste of labour!

## Skill at a Discount

Here's more waste:

A polytechnic instructor was responsible for training a group of Army gun fitters. Then he instructed Ministry of Labour trainees in machine tool operations, and won high praise.

**Now he has been transferred to a job of caretaker at an L.C.C. school!**

## Insult

That reminds us of a man who was formerly managing director of a firm of constructional engineers.

He wanted a job. The Central Registry—of course—did nothing for him. Local employment exchange sent him to Coventry.

He found the vacancy was for a labourer at 50s. a week, less than he had paid his own labourers.

**Yet antique dealers have managed to get posts as clerks of Government works!**

## Poor Outlook

Coal situation remains as black as Derby Brights.

**Recall of ex-miners to the pits has not proved a success, so many of the men proving physically unfit.**

But JOHN BULL continues to hear of cases that we don't like. One concerns a man who has been taken away from making leather for soldiers' boots.

## Scandalous Order

An ex-Serviceman, he had lost some toes and underwent eleven operations because of frostbite. A doctor passed him unfit for pit work, yet a colliery doctor ordered him below.

He worked in the mine with bandaged feet, but had to give up.

Now he's on the "dole."

## It Won't Do

Similar cases occur in fire-watching. Man discharged from the Army in the last war with neurasthenia was ordered to do fire-watching by a Midlands council that employed him.

He turned up, but his nerves were so upset that he refused further service.

He was taken to court and fined despite a doctor's certificate concerning his condition.

## Jobless

Knowing that if he again refused he would again be prosecuted, he gave up his job as a charge hand and is now workless.

**And again "John Bull" asks: Of what use can neurotics and physical invalids be as fire-watchers?**

## Dangerous A.R.P.

There is even a case for medically examining all A.R.P. personnel.

A woman warden, charged at Greenock for failing to report for duty, had been at her post for nineteen hours before going home to rest.

She did not return and afterwards resigned. But she should never have been in the A.R.P., for she was tubercular.

**Not only was she unfit for service; she might have spread the disease to others in the A.R.P. post.**

## The Army Way

You may find the next story amusing. It exasperates us.

A young soldier lost an eye at Dunkirk. Ever since the Army has been trying to find him a suitable artificial one.

Latest attempt sent him to a depot where three glass eyes awaited him—one blue, one brown, one green. His good eye happens to be grey.

## Penalty for Age

This week we can condemn one more local authority for reducing roadmen's wages by 10s. a week directly they qualify for the old age pension.

**It is Bishop's Stortford council.**

Do the ratepayers approve of this petty extortion?

## Amazing War Pictures

This week, JOHN BULL announces a great new war time book opportunity for its readers—"*The Second Year of War in Pictures.*"

It contains 400 amazing photographs covering the whole tremendous scene, from the Battle of Britain to the Nazis' attack on Russia. Turn to page 15 and apply for your volume at once.

## Truth About Belgium

Another war book of lasting worth has been prepared by the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Simply entitled as *Belgium* (Evans Bros., 5s.), it tells the real story of what happened to that unhappy little land in 1939 and 1940.

You'll remember that a Nazi 'plane made a crash landing in Belgium long before the invasion. Its officer passengers tried to burn their papers; a Belgian managed to pull them from the fire, and their scorched remains are illustrated in this book.

## Proof Positive

They give detailed plans for the advance of the German armies into Belgium, the position of the French and British armies, instructions to Nazi agents, and so on.

That was four months, remember, before Hitler faked his shallow excuse for attacking Belgium.

Belgium will not forget. Nor will the rest of the civilised world. And we shall see that it doesn't happen again.

# Behind the News

- **Rumania knows now what the Nazi "New Order" means. Nine out of ten Rumanian children are suffering from sores in the mouth as a result of bad bread.**
- *Rumanian casualties in Ukraine have been huge, and as news shuttles between home and front line, hatred for Nazis grows open.*
- Trouble bubbling in Bulgaria, too. Bulgars don't want to fight the Turks, and fear Nazis will use them as cannon fodder as they have used Rumanians.
- **Nazi leaders are nervous about launching this year's winter relief campaign. Appalling distress caused by Eastern front casualties calls for bigger public subscriptions, but the masses are now distrustful about the administration of the fund.**
- *Reich economists report that Germany is short of the "output power" of 8,000,000 workers through factory and other disorganisation caused by Russian resistance and R.A.F. bombing.*
- **Unless this shortage is made good, Hitler cannot indefinitely continue his present rate of munition expenditure.**
- **German scientists claim to have discovered new process for making petrol, but admit failure to produce *ersatz* lubricants, so all "non-war" vehicles and factories may soon be laid up.**
- *Mussolini has S O S'd Hitler for coal for Italian public winter use.*
- Nazis, desperate for shipping, have been horrified to learn that at least 10 per cent. of the fishing fleets of all Occupied countries have escaped to Allies.
- **Nazis can't stop De Gaulle agents from working under the noses of the Gestapo in France. Propaganda is carried out by loyal Alsatians and Lorrainers whose German is the real thing.**
- *Anti-Vichy organisations have developed secret sign technique to warn sympathisers of the presence of German or Vichy spies.*
- **Expect news of significant moves by the Allies in the Mediterranean shortly. A big headache is developing for Hitler which he may be unable to relieve for a long time.**

# A LOVELY WAR—for SOME!

**TOO many politicians keep on telling us the same thing. They warn us we have a hard road and a long one still to traverse. They implore us to work harder and save more.**

They say, as they have said scores of times before: "It all depends on you!"

But it doesn't *all* depend on us. After all, they are the leaders and we the led. So we want to know what *they* are doing—what the Government is doing—to help us to help them to get a move on.

These pundits and politicians seem to think that if we take care of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves.

Will they? The Select Committee on National Expenditure is not so sure of that. Nor is JOHN BULL.

*We look round about us and see the big middlemen getting bigger round the middle. We see vested interests with distended vests and privileged labour doing very nicely thank you, and asking for more.*

We observe among us a minority of men and women of all sorts and conditions who would, if they dared, join in the old chorus: "Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war!"

**WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR**
By the Editor

Take one illustration: There is a firm in the City of London—probably one among dozens—making anything up to 30 per cent. profit for passing orders on from public authorities to the manufacturers who make the goods.

Nice work, if you can get it! This firm manufactures nothing, and never has done. It is simply a big middleman. If it were a little fellow it would long since have been squeezed out of business.

**As it is, it has money to burn. Even the office boys can put in chits for overtime and nobody cares. Orders arrive and a large staff transmits them with instructions to the makers that the finished goods shall carry the middleman's label.**

We do not blame the management or the staff of this business or of others in a similar position. In peace time, no doubt, they fulfilled a useful purpose. To-day we contend that the Ministry of Supply could do without all the big middlemen by the simple process of taking on a few of their specialists, buyers, market men and the like.

Such a course would not only save the country a great deal of money, but it would also release much additional man-power.

It is not taken because the Government, having the necessary powers, still lacks the courage to use them against big concerns.

It made the initial mistake of appointing Controllers to control their own industries.

How could they be expected to be ruthless to the good fellows in their own trades? They were not, and the result is that scores of firms, strictly superfluous to our wartime economy, are allowed to continue in business and make profits.

IN contrast with this costly leniency to big business, the Government has been merciless to small firms, many of which have been and are still being driven out of business by limitation of supplies, quotas, taxation and restrictions of all sorts.

No compensation is promised to these hapless victims of our unplanned war economy. They can squeal, but they are not big enough to bite.

JOHN BULL *maintains that the only just way and the only practical way to achieve economy of production and maximum output is to close down every redundant business, great or small, and to compensate all alike out of the profits made by those firms which are allowed to carry on.*

At long last the Government has been forced to lease the railways for duration, but it will continue to pay them so fat a rental that railway shares and stocks instantly jumped six millions in market value on the strength of the new bargain.

Moreover, nothing has been done to co-ordinate every form of transport in one bold and vigorous national policy. We reiterate our conviction that there can be no satisfactory solution to this problem except nationalisation of rail, road, canal and coastwise traffic, at least for the duration of the war.

**The Government has the power to tackle this job in this way. It *could* unify the transport problem under its own control, but it will not do so because it fears a clash with the huge vested interests involved.**

In a special article last week, Sir Wyndham Childs called attention to the shocking muddle of war work for women. Since then there has been another important extension of registration, but the muddle persists.

Not hundreds, but thousands of girls already registered are still waiting for the work they are ready to do. Not hundreds, but thousands of other girls have "dodged the column" on the flimsiest excuses.

Advertisements still appear for maids to work in homes where there are "three in family and six in the servants' quarters."

The cinemas and the clubs and the restaurants are still gay with "bright young things" who think this is a lovely war. And the crying scandal of wage inequalities both for men and women is unabated.

The miner is forced back to the pits that would not give him a living, to work at smaller wages than he was earning in other industries, and the farm labourer, forbidden to seek other employment, is still denied his three pounds a week.

Bits of boys in the luckier trades are being spoiled by wages they do not deserve, while hard-working men and women in less privileged industries scarcely know how to make ends meet.

NOW highly mechanised, the Services need more and more skilled men. The factories must supply them, but they do not know how to replace them adequately.

The great body of British Labour is working with a will, but there are profiteers in the shops as well as the management offices.

*And it cannot be denied that our leaders are delicately treading the middle path between the vested interests of capital on the one hand and the vested interests of organised labour on the other.*

Let us come back to our opening paragraphs. *We* know there is a hard road ahead of us.

But we have the right to ask our leaders to lead the way; we are entitled to demand from them the realism they are so constantly demanding from us.

The Russians are realists. Had it not been for them, we might by now have experienced all the horrors of invasion. They have resisted the Nazis for nearly three months.

But they could not have done so if the Russian people and their leaders had not gone "all out" for war during the precarious peace of the preceding twenty-one months.

The Soviets might have hoped then that we should beat Hitler for them, but they did not relax their precautions or slacken their efforts.

**If we are making the mistake now of supposing that Russia will smash Hitler in our stead, we shall deserve to lose the war.**

Roosevelt, a great realist in a country which is not yet fully alive to its own peril, has solemnly warned his fellow citizens that it would be "a very dangerous assumption" to suppose that Hitler has been blocked and halted.

And he has told them with profound common-sense that "when the enemy seems to be making slower progress is the very time to strike with redoubled force."

Hitler does seem to be slowing down, and that is all the more reason for us to speed up.

But there is only one way to do this, and that is to wage total war against the totalitarians.

*Otto Strasser, former Nazi, who ran an anti-Hitler radio station in Czechoslovakia*

## *This is the Voice of Freedom Calling*

SHARP and cheerful voices ring out and reach us from the Nazi-dominated Continent of Europe.

They come from wireless stations operated by heroes who cannot be deterred by fear of the firing squad or the concentration camp. The number of these Freedom stations increases every week.

From Northern France we can hear the Free French station that calls itself "Travail" (Labour). Daily it appeals to French workers to unite against the Nazis.

The Gestapo is hunting all over Czechoslovakia for the operators of "Nazdar," a Czech anti-Nazi station.

It warns the Czechs against Quislings, tells them about Nazi terror measures in different parts of the country, and helps to organise passive resistance.

### *Gestapo Ridiculed*

Even inside the Reich, Freedom stations are setting up again.

A man introducing himself as one of the many Germans who have been pressed into the S.A. brownshirt formation told his listeners how he and his friends escaped from the Gestapo time after time, fooling them with broadcasts from new locations long before their old positions had been raided. The Gestapo was always too late.

More than once, even in peace time, Hitler sent out assassins to track the speakers down. He even sent them across the border into Czechoslovakia where the station of Otto Strasser, the anti-Hitler Nazi, operated.

The announcer, Ingenieur Formis, was shot.

Yet next day the station worked again.

### *Always on the Move*

Inside Germany the secret Freedom announcers are constantly on the move.

Often they set up their headquarters in a lonely wood, sending out scouts into big cities to bring back news.

Then the bulletin is broadcast, but before the last word is spoken helpers begin to pack up the equipment.

They use many disguises; once they installed themselves on the roof of a Munich building!

Pretending to do structural alterations, the broadcasters put up an aerial and read their messages while frantic Gestapo officials sent out squads to discover them.

From their roof top they actually saw the police cars roaring along the streets. Then they calmly dismantled their station, came down from the roof and mingled with the crowd that had swarmed round public loud-speakers to hear their news and was waiting to hear some more.

*WILLI FRISCHAUER*

# OPEN LETTERS

## Sir WALTER CITRINE, General Secretary, Trade Union Congress

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I am expecting some real results from the Anglo-Soviet Workers' Council.

**It could so easily be just a polite gesture—one of those talky-talky affairs that are about as useful as a vicarage tea party.**

**It can be made one of the firmest bonds between the two greatest countries in the war, and one of the strongest bonds that we shall clamp round Hitler's neck.**

That, I think, is your intention. Nothing can be allowed to prevent it from being carried into effect.

Proof of good will is the T.U.C. mission to Moscow and the Russian delegation that will later arrive in London.

Afterwards an Anglo-Soviet "War Workers' Cabinet" will meet alternately in the two capitals.

No doubt there will be prejudices to be vanquished. Lots of old misunderstandings must be forgotten.

But they are minor matters.

The big fact is that the split between the workers of the two countries has been bridged.

It was a split that helped Hitler to harness the black forces of reaction to his own purposes.

It led to the howling folly of Hess, who thought there was a chance of Britain and Germany to combine in an attack on the Soviets.

It encouraged some of our own City idiots to think of Russia as the ultimate enemy.

Well there'll be no more of that; though, indeed, there was never any prospect of Britain ranging herself against the U.S.S.R.

But now together we can forge a positive weapon against the Nazi slave-drivers and union-breakers.

**We can dishearten the workers of Hamburg and Essen, give new hope to the workers of the oppressed countries.**

**We can ensure that not one minute will be lost in the arms works of Sheffield and Stalingrad; that every ounce of effort is devoted to the job of beating the common foe.**

So you're doing a sensible and significant job, Sir Walter. Millions of people will wish you luck.—JOHN BULL.

## Lord BRIDGEMAN, Director General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—I'm getting tired of these claims to be the oldest Home Guard. Aren't you?

One company sergeant-major is aged seventy-seven. An officer in a Tooting battalion will be eighty-two this month.

Of course, I admire their spirit. But I very much wonder if such patriotic old gentlemen could stand the strain of modern fighting.—JOHN BULL.

## Sir R. BROOKE-POPHAM, Commander-in-Chief, Far East

DEAR SIR,—Your snub to the flannelled fools of Malaya will be welcomed here.

They asked you and Vice-Admiral Layton to a gymkhana in aid of the Malaya War Fund. You both flatly declined.

**You knew that it would be more of a social function than a serious war effort. You knew the War Fund is less than £20,000, despite the wealth of the colony.**

**And, as you said, Britain would be better served if Malaya raised its ridiculously small income tax to the standard of the rest of the Empire.**

Its rich snobs may think they are doing their bit if they occasionally give a pound or two apiece at some "select" gathering.

The bombed people of the Homeland have other views.—JOHN BULL.

## The CORPORATION, Stockton-on-Tees

GENTLEMEN.—Don't wait for an epidemic: prevention is better than cure.

**Ground is being used as a refuse dump within twenty yards of houses, whose occupants are plagued by rats and blue-bottles, and men on night work cannot sleep by day because of the flies.**

Evidently your views on public health are mediæval.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR.—That was a grand idea—a Tattoo for munition workers.

Three thousand people cheered themselves hoarse as Spitfires dived to attack the tanks clattering over the heathland at top speed and German pillboxes were bombarded with smoke shells.

**Of course, we can't make the tanks show their paces to all the men and women who made them. But there's no reason why every worker shouldn't hear from a tank officer how the job stands up to actual warfare.**

So I trust you'll be able to persuade the Fighting Forces to loan more fighting men to visit the factories, and thus give the workers a new interest in their job.—JOHN BULL.

## The DIRECTORS, London and North Eastern Railway

GENTLEMEN.—If you want an adequate fire-watch on your premises you'd better give the workers that Square Deal you used to claim for yourselves.

At one bombed London dock the rest-room is under a damaged building and has been twice flooded recently. It is also within a few yards of an hydraulic pipe with a pressure of 800 lb. per inch.

**There is no means of obtaining food or a decent wash for the men who, when their fire-watch turn comes along, are away from home for two days and a night.**

I doubt if you'd tolerate such conditions for yourselves.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. DAVID MARGESSON, M.P., Minister for War

DEAR SIR.—An Army commission was offered by post to a man with nineteen convictions who had previously been a Fascist and was dismissed from an aircraft factory for causing disaffection.

There have been similar cases. Is it beyond the wits of your staff to devise a better system of approving commissions?—JOHN BULL.

## Sir ROBERT KINDERSLEY, Chairman, National Savings Committee

DEAR SIR ROBERT.—In your broadcasts and advertisements you stress that saving is an important war duty.

Quite so. But a man working long hours every weekday went into a post office one Sunday to buy Savings Certificates and was told by a haughty clerk:

"We open on Sunday for essential business only."

Is it not essential that we win the war?—JOHN BULL.

## Lieut.-Col. MOTTERSHEAD, Blackburn Town Council

DEAR SIR,—From all angles, you say, the position is being carefully watched.

**But you don't need to watch—use your nose!**

Your town is becoming intolerable from the appalling stench in the middle of the town—from a tallow works close to the main shopping street.

The trouble has existed for years and is growing worse, but the Health Committee pleads that it has no power to act. Why not get power—or apply to the High Court for an injunction?—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD.—Londoners will be glad to hear that Scotland Yard's Flying Squad is rounding up food racketeers.

**But you'll agree, I think, that ordinary policemen should be given power to look after smaller offenders.**

Supposing a woman is overcharged by a costermonger. She cannot report him to the local Food Office because she doesn't know his name and address.

And the policeman standing at the corner can only look on while the man swindles other people.—JOHN BULL.

## The DIRECTOR, Army Post Office

DEAR SIR.—Some of our troops in Singapore haven't been home for five years. Is it nothing to you that they cannot get news from home for months?

An aerograph service, now used between Britain and Egypt, could surely be organised for them.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUMENT OUT [illegible]

# Two Faces of Britain

A WHITE scar slashes the green fairway of the golf course near my house. Beside the scar is a huge pile of white chalk dug, cut and scraped out of the earth.

It is an ugly sight, yet reassuring. For below the chalk is a shelter capable of holding many people.

Stretching across the horizon are heaps of earth . . . at the top of the road an anti-tank trench winds its way through field and garden, meadow and pasture.

There are other changes, too, on the face of England. From my window the other day I saw them begin to gather the potato crop.

As the roots were turned up a dozen girls gathered the potatoes and scooped them into sacks. Beyond them were other girls busy cultivating other crops.

And still further beyond, where at this time of the year acres of flowers used to bloom for the autumn markets, stood stooks of oats—the first time for many years that the land had yielded grain instead of flowers or vegetables.

* * *

NIGHT and day the skies reverberate to the deep-throated rhythm of plane engines. The roar of low-flying fighters; the drone of high-flying bombers are comforting evidence of the growing might of the R.A.F.

Once I used to look up at the skies when a plane or two scurried along. Now, as squadrons pass by in their awful majesty, the sight is too familiar to warrant more than a passing glance.

Sometimes the roads near by shake to the thunder of armoured columns. Big guns pass at speed; Bren carriers rattle along; motor cyclists flash along the line. And there is something hard and confident in the forces of the men who control this wheeled monster of destruction.

Yet, with all the noise of war, the topsy-turvydom of life, the hundred and one signs of a nation girding itself for the final reckoning with the forces of evil, I wonder whether the face of the real England has changed so much.

I mean the England—the Britain—which has survived centuries of wars and struggles, which has been in the van of social progress and which has stood calm and serene, four square to the winds of the world.

* * *

THE green of the fields is unchanged. So are the blue hills and the wooded slopes. The early sun dances on the dew-covered lawns. Birds sing and rivers flow quietly to the sea.

In the country the old sense of peace lives on. Villages of quiet beauty spread themselves like gems on a cloth of green and gold.

Horses and tractors turn over the rich warm earth, preparing for another harvest—a utilitarian harvest of grain and root crops.

This Britain will survive. Not because of itself, but because, now and again, in the soft darkness that swallows up town and village, you will see occasionally the gleam of a Home Guard's bayonet, the white painted helmet of an A.R.P. warden, and the grey ghost of a waiting fire engine.

For below the outward peace of the smiling countryside are people fully alert, fully conscious of the fact that all the beauty around them is threatened by the foot of the Nazi beast.

The face of Britain is little changed. But the pulse of Britain beats to a war time tempo; and in the heart of its people is the will and courage to keep unsullied the face of the land.

# And He Saved the Canary!

**Seems a little trivial in a yarn of sea warfare, doesn't it? But that's the human touch in these articles that makes them one of the most fascinating features in journalism to-day.**

*By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS*

THIS is a story of Germans bombing Germans in an Italian ship, and being shot down by an Italian gun.

Presiding over all was an Australian merchant officer, a quiet and peaceful seaman, who, when Jerry stirred him into action, became so tough that the picked men of the German *Panzer* Divisions quailed before him.

"Digger" Palmer might have stepped straight out of one of Jack London's grand yarns of the South Seas.

## Many Adventures

Hard and tanned and cheerful, he has beamed his way through every navigable port and lagoon in the Pacific.

He knows something about pearls and a lot about copra; he can spin you yarns of hula-hula girls and dread tabus, of idol-worship and cannibals, fifty-foot sharks, and land-sharks fiercer yet.

He has had a lot of adventures in this war—trust an Aussie for that!

I could fill a book with them; but I have space here to tell you only about one, which began when he was given command of a little Italian schooner, the *Maria Giovanna*, which the Royal Navy, in a fit of abstraction, collected from the Wops when there was, for a while, nothing more important to do.

"Digger" knew all about schooners, as any South Seas sailor must do. He says it gave him a thrill to serve in sail in a modern mechanised war.

I should have felt the same, for I began in sail on *Cutty Sark*, and hold a "square-rigged ticket" to this day.

**The one thing "Digger" Palmer wants, so he says, is to lay his schooner alongside an enemy vessel and take it by the board with a cutlass in his hand and his men swarming at his back; and queerer things than that have happened down the Mediterranean and Red Sea way before now.**

They gave him a full load of explosives to run along the North African coast and put ashore at a certain spot where General Wavell particularly wanted it, and where boats of deeper draught couldn't go.

## Loaded to the Scuppers

"Digger," having no port authorities to satisfy and being somewheres East of Suez where there ain't no Plimsoll Line (not at the moment, anyhow!), started off by loading his little ship to the scuppers, carried on by taking a personal look at the mechanism of the small Italian gun aboard, and then whistled for a wind.

He got it—and something else as well.

As his captured schooner was creeping along that endless coast of sand-dunes and shimmering heat, there came suddenly as thunderbolts out of the blue a couple of Heinkel bombers, intent on dirty business.

Seeing a sailing ship, they had some justification for supposing that they had invited themselves to a picnic, and they

*After delivering his shells, "Digger" Palmer collected 104 Panzer Nazis like these captured in Libya*

took up ideal bombing positions with great deliberation.

Perhaps they even knew she was packed tight with high explosive. Arab espionage is pretty rife thereabouts, and these things do sometimes leak out.

"Boy, you should 'a been there with me!" "Digger" said to a friend of mine later. "It was mighty fun! When these two birds came over, you see, only a few hundred feet up, and obviously pleased as punch, I said to my boys, 'Now, by heck, you gotta fight like you never fought before, or you and me'll be meetin' upstairs in a few minutes, and I guess none o' you can play harps.'"

## Shot to Pieces

With that he took over the wheel and began swinging that neat little schooner as she had never had helm before.

The Heinkels r de a bombing run—and missed.

They made another—and missed again.

That annoyed them

They decided to come low and finish this thing off properly. This was no way for a little impudent sailing-vessel to behave beneath the shadow of the invincible *Luftwaffe*.

The first bomber came roaring down in a power-dive.

As it did so, the gunner at the little Italian gun "turned the hose on him."

It was a nice little quick-firing gun, and before the Germans could do anything about it they had taken twenty-five of Mussolini's best little 12-millimetre shells bang in the leading bomber's fuselage.

That Heinkel simply sailed all to pieces in the air. Great lumps of fused metal flew in every direction, a cloud of black smoke poured and burst out, and what was left of the machine came straight down and hit the sea with a terrific splash.

The second bomber banked sharply aside from the little spitfire on the water, and went roaring away. But only to return for vengeance.

For over an hour it maintained a continuous attack on the schooner with its shipload of high explosive. One hit, and half the Mediterranean would have gone up in smoke.

But the hit was never made, because the Heinkel was scared stiff to come low within range of the little gun that had killed its mate, and because "Digger" Palmer whipped his ship about like a dodging minnow in a pool.

It seemed as if the bomber would never run out of bombs.

In the end, however, he gave it up and sailed away north. And the *Maria Giovanna* then went on and delivered its cargo according to orders, and no doubt General Rommel's *Panzer* Divisions got the full effect of it.

In fact, we know they did, because the schooner was ordered to stand by awhile till the shells had done their work and there was a haul of Jerry prisoners to take back as return cargo.

## A Trip in Handcuffs

In due course the prisoners were picked out of their whippet-tank sardine-tins and loaded below decks on the captured vessel that had formerly belonged to their Wop ally.

They got 104 Germans aboard that little ship, nearly all of them storm-troops who had been sent down to Libya to do a *blitz* and capture the Suez.

Well, anyway, they were going on a trip to the Suez, even if it was only in handcuffs.

"They grinned in a superior sort of way as they marched aboard," "Digger" said. "They mostly had a bit of English, and they promised us Hell from the *Luftwaffe*."

It transpired later from other prisoners that the German airmen had marked down the schooner because of its destruction of the Heinkel bomber.

They had sworn to get it on its return trip, and they were watching and waiting for it.

No fewer than eight bombers came gunning for "Digger" and his crew, and they certainly gave them a hectic voyage.

"When we heard the engines," he said, "the tank soldiers we had as prisoners began to shout insults to us, and to tell us what was coming. They soon changed their tune when the stuff began to drop about, and when we got our first near miss there was a squeal from below as if we had a hundred frightened horses aboard."

A near miss sounds not too bad, but, believe me, it can do damage on a little ship! It can destroy all her navigating gear, damage her steering, hole her on the water-line with shrapnel, and so shift her cargo that she may turn turtle.

But the *Maria Giovanna* gave back thump for thump.

Her little gun got so hot it could hardly be touched, and the *Luftwaffe* Execution Squad liked it so little that they kept to high-level bombing, and, for nearly two hours, failed to get a single direct hit.

But the terrific shocks of those explosions a few yards away on the water strained the tough timber of the hull till it leaked like a sieve.

Men manned the pumps, but the water kept on gaining.

The *Panzer* prisoners did not look nearly so tough now; the grins had gone from their faces; several were shamefully seasick because "Digger" Palmer, at the wheel, was flinging his ship about to avoid the salvoes from the air; the rest, pale, stubborn and battered by explosions and the jumping of the vessel, did not seem to care whether they were drowned or blown up so long as it only came quickly.

**It would have done Hitler good to see them!**

**In the middle of the worst attack water was reported to be filling the hold.**

**Then the engineer popped his tin-hatted head out on deck for a moment to shout through the din that the little auxiliary engine was under water.**

**Then the bo'sun trod on the ship's cat!**

While everyone was recovering from that, the nearest of all the near misses came along, blew half of them off their feet, struck the ship like an iceberg, and opened the cage in which "Digger" kept a pet canary that goes with him on all his trips.

The canary flew out and began screeching a terrified song from the top of a mast.

## Exit the Luftwaffe

And then, in the distance, appeared some dots like half a dozen gnats. Fulmar deck fighters from a British aircraft carrier—probably one of those Goebbels has sunk so often down that way!

The *Luftwaffe* did not wait on the order of its going—it just went, with the Fulmars whining in pursuit.

**And, half an hour later, the Fulmars came back, still all present and correct, and one of them did a neat Victory Roll over the top of the battered, leaking but still undaunted little schooner, doggedly picking her way eastwards.**

**The *Panzer* Division prisoners saw that, too.**

The aircraft vanished into an African dusk.

The *Maria Giovanna* glided quietly along, her crew busy stopping the leaks in her sides with tarpaulins and spare sails and anything they could find.

They got the 104 prisoners safely to the port at which they were to be handed over. There, t the schooner was patched up ready for her next trip.

"Digger's" only complaint was that the door of the canary cage would not keep shut—he had managed to retrieve the bird herself from the masthead after the battle was over.

They say he is searching the whole of North Africa now to make good his loss.

He insists on a really handsome cage, with a strong door to it.

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HUMAN MACHINE

## Don't Cry over Spilt Milk

It is often said that as we grow older we tend more and more to live in the past.

Well, a good many people do; but it doesn't mean there is any "must" about it.

People who choose to live in the past are mostly those who don't like the present and are afraid of the future.

Usually, living in the past is indulged in by those who also waste their time in vain regrets. They sigh for lost opportunities, instead of looking for new ones.

Katherine Mansfield, the famous novelist, says in one of her stories: "Make it a rule of life never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy; you can't build on it; it's only good for wallowing in."

That is sense. We should indeed make it a rule of life. Otherwise, we shall use in regret energy that should be used in helping us to mature. And if we don't mature, we merely age.

The rest of your life is still yours to do exactly as you like with. As long as there is anything fresh to learn and anything new to do, you can't afford to sit back.

# FRANCE WILL RISE AGA

***In a Europe seething with revolt the great French nation may be likened to a smouldering volcano. The moment of eruption must inevitably come***

## says A. G. GARDINER

THE titanic conflict in Russia is paving the way to the resurrection of Europe. It is shattering the legend of German invincibility. It is devouring Hitler's resources. It is drinking up his oil beyond all power of replacement.

Above all, it is lighting a flame of the spirit throughout the stricken nations that will never be quenched.

The stunned peoples are recovering their morale. They are beginning to see that all is not lost, and from the North Cape to the Isles of Greece the breath of emancipation is in the air.

This is a fact of immense significance, and will have a cumulative influence on events.

It was an axiom of Napoleon that in war the moral factor outweighed the material factor by three to one. He also said, of course, that "God is on the side of the big battalions."

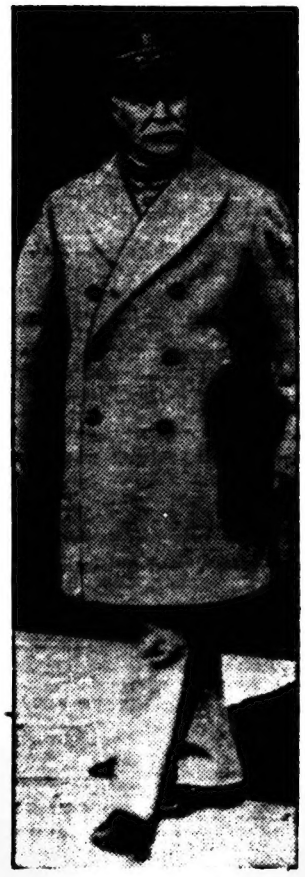
But what he meant, I think, was this, that while material superiority will win battles and decide episodes, the moral power ultimately decides wars.

**THAT POWER CAN BE TEMPORARILY OVERWHELMED, BUT IT CANNOT BE DESTROYED. IT CANNOT BE DESTROYED BECAUSE IT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE. LIKE THE CAMOMILE, "THE MORE IT IS TRODDEN ON THE BETTER IT GROWS."**

Hitler, by the suddenness of his spring and the overwhelming weight of his metal, came as near as any man in history has come to blotting out the moral power of mankind beyond hope of recovery.

But when his *blitzkrieg* failed in its final stroke last summer he gave the world not only time to collect its material resources, but also time to recover its moral balance.

And the hold-up in Russia, whatever the issue may be, has powerfully stimulated that recovery.



*Petain, poor tool of the conspirators that he is, knows in his heart that the Vichy gang hold no real sway*

FOR the farther in time that Hitler gets from the original impetus of his material blow the more formidable become the moral forces before which he will ultimately fall.

In this sense, even more than in the material sense, it has been true to say that "Time is on our side."

For among the forces that are mobilising against Hitler, none is more to be feared by him than the rising tide of the peoples whom he has plundered, massacred, and enslaved.

They no longer fear him. They have passed beyond fear. They are aflame with righteous hate. They have only one purpose in life. That is the destruction of this evil thing that pollutes the earth.

And as the war progresses and as the monster's difficulties increase, this tide will mount until it sweeps over and engulfs him.

**THE RESURRECTION OF EUROPE HAS BEGUN. JUST AS THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN STOPPED THE ROT AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT LAST SUMMER, SO THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA IS SOUNDING THE "ADVANCE" TO-DAY IN THE EARS OF THE ANGUISHED BUT DETERMINED PEOPLES.**

The revival takes many shapes. You may see them in the scattered hints in the newspapers and hear of them from every refugee from the Continent.

Hitler has made a prison of Europe which no external voice must penetrate, and from which no voice but his own is permitted to be heard.

But all his cunning devices cannot prevent the truth leaking out and the truth leaking in.

And the truth that leaks out tells of a Europe seething with revolt in all its manifestations, from the desperate guerilla warfare in Yugoslavia to the icy contempt for the enemy that prevails in Scandinavia.

Sabotage is doing its deadly work in a hundred ways and in a score of countries.

The quislings are defied no matter how ruthlessly they slay. The secret presses are at work here, there and everywhere.

In Holland the German soldier is forbidden to walk by the canals—so frequent are the "accidents" which no savage reprisals can stop.

Greece is plundered and starving, but no sufferings quench her defiant patriotism. The occupying soldiery everywhere are treated as the moral outcasts of mankind.

In Norway they are seeking escape from the miseries of their exile by desertion and suicide. So frequent have these become that the military authorities threaten deserters with the death penalty and prospective suicides with the punishment of their relatives in Germany.

**NOWHERE IS THE RISING TIDE OF REVOLT MORE MARKED THAN IN FRANCE. AND IN NO COUNTRY DOES IT SIGNIFY SO MUCH.**

For France is still a great nation—wrecked, dismembered, humiliated, outraged, but still a great nation.

It has forty millions of the most intelligent and high-spirited people in Europe. No country has had a more illustrious history and no people has done more to emancipate mankind from the chains with which Hitler seeks to manacle it again.

It taught the world the *Marseillaise*, and that great song still sings in its soul even though it is forbidden to issue from its lips in public.

The tragedy of France is a double tragedy. She has not only been conquered by a barbarous and merciless foe; she has, unlike any of the other ravished countries, been betrayed to her enemy by the gang of Vichy traitors who seized power in the hour of her misery and despair.

If those traitors have their way, the whole resources of France will be turned against the ally they have deserted.

ALREADY they have thrown a great chunk of the French empire, Indo-China, to one member of the Axis. They fought us and the Free French in order to give another chunk of the French empire, Syria, to Germany.

Nothing but fear of the hostility of the United States prevents the venomous Darlan from giving Hitler a free hand in French Africa.

And nothing but fear of the British Navy prevents him putting the French fleet and the French naval bases at Hitler's service.

Yes, there is something else. It is fear of the French people. And, unless I am mistaken, it is fear that the French sailors would refuse



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## BECOME AN OFFICER AI

***MAURICE FAGENCE** set ou
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he reports the astonishing*

I AM going to try to stir the conscience of this country with a simple picture.

A major has sent for one of his smartest sergeants. The man stands before him now.

He is tall, broad, clean and efficient. His eyes radiate intelligence. He wears his three stripes with pride.

Tributes pour from the major's lips. "Had my eye on you from the very start . . . excellent work . . . got leadership, which is what the Army wants . . . keep it up, and you'll go far."

Then the great news: "I am going to recommend you for a commission."

Do you know what the Army, represented by that major, has done?

It has sentenced a very fine soldier to a reduction of pay.

It has cast the shadow of poverty into his home. It has planted the virus of money worry into his mind. It has robbed his children.

And that is happening scores of times every day.

* * *

I have spent a week talking about officers' pay and allowances.

And I have collected some simple facts which, I think, will prove unanswerable.

There's Second-Lieutenant C. A. I approached him in the street. He was spending a day's leave in London.

He proved to me that he had exactly 1s. 5½d. in his pocket. "And anything less than a shilling makes you a vagrant," he said bitterly.

Perhaps he fritters his money away? Let's see.

He gets 11s. a day as pay, 6s. in allowances, 2s. for billeting, or £8 12s. a week in all. (That billeting allowance, he maintains, makes him better off than many brother-officers!)

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**FOR THEY ARE OF THE FRENCH EOPLE, AND NOTHING IS MORE CERTAIN HAN THAT THE VAST MASS OF THE OMMON PEOPLE OF FRANCE ARE ASSIONATELY PRO-BRITISH AND ARE EVOLTED BY THE SHAMELESS TREACH-RIES OF THE VICHY GANG.**

The testimony on this point is overwhelm-g and conclusive. Vichy stinks in the ostrils of the people, whether in occupied or noccupied France.

What has happened to the quisling Laval nd his creature Deat is not the work of ommunists and Jews, as Hitler's flunkeys in he Paris Press would have us believe.

It represents the rising tide of the French eople against the betrayal of their country.

That tide will not be stemmed by the assacres that are being organised or by the oncentration camps into which the flower of he French people are being thrust.

These things will not stop the sabotage hich is the people's only weapon against the ame of feeding Hitler's war machine.

The poor old tool of the conspirators, étain, knows that. He knows and has dmitted that the Vichy gang is repudiated by rance, and that underneath him is a seething olcano that only awaits the signal for erup-ion.

That signal is brought nearer by the eroic example of Russia. And when the hour trikes for the moral resurrection of Europe to ake action we may safely count on the ncient spirit of France being in the vanguard f the attack.

*Winter can play havoc with vital lines of communication, and Hitler's troops will be kept more than busy*

# Snow Spectre to Haunt Hitler

***Our Russian allies know the grim power of the snowy wastes; the Nazis have yet to meet their icy baptism***

**By VIVIEN MEIK**

BE sure Mr. Roosevelt knew what Stalin had in store for Hitler when he expressed his confident belief that Russia would still be strongly fighting back over the winter.

The quality of Russian staff work has fully proved itself, but it is for winter fighting—audacious and hard-hitting battling over frozen wastes—that Soviet strategy has been specially designed.

Russia's leaders have combined modern technique with their historical experience of the icy conditions which have so often saved their country in the past.

## January and Mud

To-day their two generals, "January" and "Mud"—who once defeated Napoleon—have been re-equipped with every twentieth-century scientific aid to warfare.

In a few weeks' time the old terrors of a Russian winter campaign will be developed into new horrors for the Nazis by Soviet experts.

One terror will be the forcing of frostbite on the German armies.

Frostbite is the quintessence of icy torture. It numbs legs, hands, ears, noses. Limbs become brittle, break like matchwood. If not treated at once, death is almost certain. Nothing lowers morale more effectively.

Only men specially toughened, adequately clothed, fed and sheltered can fight in the conditions which will soon be prevailing.

Stalin has scores of divisions of these men. Hitler has not. The Russians are determined to make the Nazis—who banked on a victorious summer *blitzkrieg*—come out into the open and fight frostbite as well as the Soviet Army.

Some idea of the fighting conditions can be gauged by simple geographical data. Temperature is 40 degrees below zero, often colder.

## Hidden Death-Traps

Woods and swamps become hidden death-traps and treacherous quagmires. The only moving forms of life are prowling, hungry wolves—and the white-clad, almost invisible Soviet units hounding out the Huns and keeping second line Germans on tenterhooks.

In this white hell there are no roads, no food. Tanks are useless, ordinary mobile units big liabilities.

Instead the Russian armies include thousands of Cossack horsemen inured to winter conditions and familiar for generations with the negotiation of their trackless white land—but to-day these Cossacks are armed with deadly machine-guns and many other new death-dealing devices which have not yet been used.

Such cavalry as Hitler still has in an army organised only for a mechanical *blitzkrieg* is comparatively feeble.

This is significantly revealed by the feverish speed with which the Nazi High Command is bringing up every horse, mule, pony, donkey—even oxen—that can possibly be spared throughout occupied countries to help transport on the Russian front.

But few of these animals have ever had to face severe cold.

## Cooking in Snow

Stalin's specially trained winter armies, too, have learnt to live on pemmican and tea, cooking their food in ovens built with packed snow and fuelled with pine twigs.

These divisions are now moving down to the west from the Arctic provinces, where they have been putting the finishing touches to their preparations.

Another old terror amplified by modern science is the blinding blizzards which sweep over thousands of square miles of countryside at a time.

Russians have had a lifetime of experience of these conditions, and many divisions have been formed into ski and snowshoe sections able to move quickly through these storms in modern battle formation and without losing contact.

Their speciality is active fighting when the storm is at its height, and their equipment for keeping in touch includes many types of portable wireless and a novel Soviet form of radio-location.

Along the great *steppes* of the Ukraine the Germans will have to face snow and mud "traffic blocks" caused by spindrift racing before the icy east wind. These blocks are often many miles across and anything from 20 ft. to 60 ft. deep.

The Russians have ready organised engineer units equipped with specially designed motor-driven snow ploughs mounted on sleds, like their 'planes, to cut through these obstacles.

## Unready Nazis

Only now, since the prospect of summer victory faded, have the Nazis begun to improvise similar machinery and train men.

But they lack many of the necessary machine tools—which are made only in Russia and U.S.A.—and the High Command are despondent.

In winter the Russians have even adapted the rivers to their purpose, and will be making them into death-traps more dangerous than they are in summer.

Few Germans will be able to guess where the water ends and the land begins.

Even if they spend much time and take many risks to be certain, the Russians have developed a new technique to make their rivers look "solid" enough to tempt the Nazis over the frozen surface. Electrically connected mines and "other devices" will do the rest.

In the last war the Germans dug themselves in at the first signs of winter. Even so the cold took terrific toll of them

This time Russia's strategy is built round the cardinal principle of digging them out

Most of the time fighting will be done in the eerie atmosphere of a ghostly "white" darkness.

Perhaps this macabre darkness and silence will become the Nazis' greatest dread.

Hitler planned to give Russia hell before the winter. The Russian winter will show him what hell can mean.

# OFFICER AND BE HARD-UP!

***MAURICE FAGENCE set out to discover whether officers really cannot make ends meet on their pay. Here he reports the astonishing truth:***

and so on, £1 15s.; housekeeping allowance, £2; and education, £2—a lot, I know, but a man who sent his children to good schools when he was a civilian doesn't like to reduce their standard of education when he becomes an officer.

Which leaves him with exactly 11s. a week for Army sports and benevolent subscriptions, drinks, smokes, entertainment, leaves, fares, stamps, writing materials, toilet and cleaning materials, boot and clothing repairs, etc.

There are seven officers in his mess. The Brigadier paid a call the other day, and insisted on the provision of a rest room, with six easy chairs, a settee, a table, carpet, and so on!

Bang went the mess funds of £7 as deposit on a hire-purchase deal, and the easy payments are so far from being easy that the younger married officers have to sit glumly in that rest room without cigarettes or drinks.

Next I met three very newly commissioned officers.

One of them, a single man, told me he could manage quite well on his money. "But as for my two friends here," he said, "their life must be plain hell."

Their dearest wish was to see a film of the Russian Army in action. Their C.O. had recommended that they should see it. "You will learn something."

But civilians had to do the learning. They just couldn't afford the admission money.

And what about the War Office claim that there is a War Service Grants Committee, which has power to make extra grants up to £2 a week?

An officer has first to prove that his position has been "worsened" by the war.

If he had struck a bad patch and was earning little money just before he joined the Army he is told that his position has improved immensely.

In some cases, men who were earning big money when the war broke out have been told: "There is no evidence that you could have maintained that income."

The authorities want it both ways!

* * *

Finally, what about the Treasury claim that an officer could afford to send two days' pay home every week?

**Let the War Office examine the banking accounts of a few subalterns and see what nonsense that is.**

**They will find out, too, to what an extent bank managers are protecting young married officers, decent fellows, who just can't help giving cheques at times that cannot be met.**

**The time has come to call a halt to the practice of keeping officers poor, and then kicking them out for minor lapses resulting from their poverty.**

**I tell the War Office there is more than ordinary suffering among the young married officers of the country.**

**There is heart-break. There is gnawing anxiety that impairs their leadership.**

**They are scissored between low pay and allowances on the one side, high mess bills on the other.**

**And one or both of those blades must be blunted.**

*Sir Wyndham Childs' Page*

# ALIAS MR. NOBODY!

FIRST act of a spy on smuggling himself into this country would be to acquire a National Registration card.

Without one he would be unable to get rations. More important still, it would be impossible for him to become absorbed in the ordinary life of the nation, which would make spying impossible.

**One challenge, and he would end his days before a firing squad at the Tower.**

That being so, the issue of National Registration cards to the 40,000,000 people of this country must count as one of the most essential bastions erected for the defence of Britain.

But let us examine this gigantic bastion. What a weak, crumbling affair it turns out to be when you prod it a bit!

**We are actually living in a wartime Britain in which fourteen-year-old boys of *less* than average intelligence can get these cards as easy as snap-your-fingers.**

Naughty boys sent to approved schools have their registration cards and ration books taken from them on arrival.

These boys "run away from school" in truly remarkable numbers—only to be caught again in due course.

But the alarming thing about it is that when a boy has been at large for more than three days you can safely bet that he has acquired a new National Registration card.

NOW it happens that the Home Office, which controls approved schools, also looks after National Registration.

Naturally, therefore, it seeks to find out how these boys manage to acquire the cards.

The answers must surprise them.

**The lads say quite plainly that it is quite easy to buy these certificates of national security for 1s., and even 6d., from hard-up owners.**

**And it is almost as easy, if you make your way to some district that has been bombed, to get a certificate from the local authority on the pretence that your old one has been lost in the raids.**

Boys—and girls—who are unable either to read or write have picked up National Registration cards and ration books within twenty-four hours of escaping.

Thurston is believed to have got hold of several different identity cards during his months of liberty, which is perhaps understandable.

But when mere children can get hold of them, the National Registration system is obviously not the defence it purports to be.

**Of a hundred tramps who entered Devon casual wards in a given period, a number had two or more identity cards.**

**One who presented himself at a Midlands workhouse had no fewer than five, all different.**

If a "knight of the road" can acquire such a number, how easy it would be for a German spy, dropped by parachute, trained for the duty of facile deception, and able to speak faultless English, to get *one*—which would be all that he would require!

The more you investigate National Registration laxity, the bigger the shocks you suffer.

**For instance, the number of certificates lost by the public and replaced at a cost of 1s. is nearing the 1,000,000 mark.**

LARGE-SCALE forgers of these cards abound.

One, sentenced at the Old Bailey, churned them out from a printing press in his own house.

Thousands have been stolen from different local authorities.

**Finchley Borough Council, if you please, dumped some thousands that were "surplus to requirements" on a rubbish heap, and many were seen blowing about local allotments.**

Aliens seek them to cheat the curfew, faint-hearts to dodge the Fighting Services, deserters to change their identity, food cheats to get extra rations.

**But more important is the fact that these cards are essential to spies—and there are hundreds of thousands about—as easy to get hold of as bus tickets.**

*Thurston, famous prison-escapist, can get Registration Cards at will. But so can small boys!*

M.P.s have pressed on the Home Office the necessity of having a photograph on every identity card.

"The task would be too great," says officialdom—although nearly 2,500,000 people already have their photographs on their cards.

I suggest Whitehall might well put itself to a little trouble in this matter.

**The safety of Britain hinges on it. Four *billion* photographs would be a small price to pay for that.**

## Record Catches for Army of Fish Racketeers

THE fish scandal has become slippier than ever.

For nearly three months I have kept silent about it, hoping the Ministry of Food would keep its promise to clear out the racketeers.

**But even the last promise made by the Ministry—that the fish trade would be under complete Government control by September 1—has been broken.**

Dissatisfaction among traders and public alike is growing every day.

Many kinds of fish have disappeared since prices were controlled, and halibut, turbot and brill are too dear for most people to buy.

One of my representatives watched a woman trying to buy a plaice the other day.

"Not for you, madam," said the salesman. "They're for regular customers."

"Well, I'd be a regular customer if it wasn't for the price," she said sadly.

That's just it—if it wasn't for the price!

Mr. Daniel Hillman, Trade Union Adviser to the Fish Control, agrees that fish prices could be reduced 25 to 30 per cent. without any lowering of fishermen's wages.

### *Closed After 20 Years*

Moreover, trickery by certain market wholesalers is still rife. Many "small men" have been forced out of business.

One, whose affairs my representative has investigated, has had to close a fish shop started by his father twenty years ago.

He has failed because so much fish goes to preferential customers, such as hotels and restaurants, who can pay the extra charges imposed by wholesalers.

Six weeks ago, from a market wholesaler, he bought six-stone boxes of haddocks, uncured. When they arrived at his shop he found the first box 8 lb. short.

So he weighed the others—they were all underweight!

But he had to take them or leave them!

### *Asked for a Bribe*

To buy 33 stone of haddock he was informed he must also take 11 stone of whiting (of which there was a glut). He had no use for that fish, so he was refused the haddock.

It is quite common, too, for a retailer to be overcharged 9s. 9d. on every "slack" stone he buys.

There are several other reasons for the excessive prices you pay for your fish. But none for the Government's reluctance to control the industry!

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. Leslie Don, Corporation Street, Manchester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He constantly sends me items of interest.*

*If you know of any subject which calls for investigation, or of any scandal needing publicity, send particulars to me and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."*

## IT'S YOUR MONEY THEY WANT

QUEER, indeed, are the ways crooks make a living. Some even find it profitable to obtain large quantities of postage stamps by fraud, which they turn into hard cash!

They insert attractive advertisements in small local papers asking applicants to send a 2½d. stamp for promised particulars. Replies often arrive by the hundred, and the crooks extract the stamps, destroy the letters and repeat the trick from a fresh address.

Case in point is that of John Thomas Cooke, of Links Crescent, Skegness, who has been advertising a mythical house to let in a safe area. Discovering his game, the police recently seized over 600 letters containing stamps addressed to him, which if marketed would have meant something like £6 5s to Cooke.

Not a bad return for a small outlay!

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AN unusual number of bogus clergymen are operating at present. One goes from town to town telling people that he is fixing up accommodation for poor, infirm, elderly people now living in London areas which are likely to be blitzed.

Don't give a penny to any caller you do not know, no matter how benevolent he might appear to be, without first asking for credentials.

BE on your guard, too, against talkative strangers who beseech you to buy tickets for boxing tournaments, concerts, whist drives and dances being promoted in aid of "Air Raid Victims," "Servicemen's Comforts," "Xmas Treats for Poor Kiddies," and the like. Many of those busy just now are quite unauthorised, and the proceeds mostly go into their own pockets.

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"WORKERS Wanted" is the heading of advertisements appearing in Irish papers and inserted by people with addresses in England. No details are given as to the trade or qualifications concerned, but applicants receive replies, written in ordinary longhand, asking for a 5s. postal order to be sent back with particulars of the work required. What next!

★ ★ ★

NEW ramp in potatoes is being worked by crooks who stop a barrow outside a house, knock, say their lorry has broken down, and that they have the telephonic permission of their "boss" to sell sacks of potatoes to housewives at 17s. 3d. a sack. Victims soon find that they have been sold faked sacks of cheap, soft potatoes worth nothing like the price obtained.

## Watch Out for the Medal Swindle

BEGGARS, charity crooks, and impostors in general are exploiting what has become known as the "medal" racket.

In every large town there are shops which specialise in selling Servicemen's badges, buttons, numerals, medals and ribbons, and many of them make no inquiries at all from the clients who come in to buy.

Investigators attached to the Ministry of Pensions constantly come across adventurers who live in comfort by posing as wounded, incapacitated or decorated members of the Services. In one case a hardened old rogue was found to be making several hundreds a year until a medical practitioner discovered his duplicity.

### *Unauthorised Ribbons*

A bogus officer sent to prison recently for a long term, and whose dupes included women, had a string of unauthorised ribbons which he picked up cheaply in a London shop.

One man is known to employ several "ex-soldiers down on their luck," who haunt fashionable restaurants and hotels, pretending they are married men struggling to find work.

Their "disabilities" are superficial, and they receive a weekly wage for handing over their collections to their employer.

Aided greatly by medals and ribbons to which he was not entitled, another rogue named Sinclair is now in penal servitude after defrauding many people whom he impressed with his mythical military status. His criminal record extends to Canada and the United States.

Since I drew attention to the ease with which uniforms could be bought, regulations have been introduced that make their purchase much more difficult. Obviously some similar restriction should be placed on medals and ribbons without delay.

# Voice of the People

**WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?** *Have you had an interesting letter from a relative or friend in the Services lately? If you have, and you think it merits publication, why not send it to us for inclusion in this feature? It may bring you half-a-guinea. If desired, names and addresses will not be disclosed. Letters may be of any length, to "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WE are R.A.F. cooks, doing our level best for "the boys" whom it is our war job to serve.

We try to make every bit of food that reaches us into a really enjoyable dish.

Well, we have just been kicked in the pants well and truly.

"Not enough swill to meet the contractors," we are told.

We protested that this was a plain, matter-of-fact order to waste food.

We were told in reply: "Your duty is to do what you are told."—Eight Disgusted Cooks (names appended but withheld), R.A.F. (V.R.) Camp (address also withheld).

### Taxing the Sea View!

The War Office has closed our seafront to visitors.

All but a small part, which is under the control of a local landowner.

He sees a great opportunity in this. Adults have to pay 4d. to encroach on the beach—children 2d.

Leave the beach for a moment for any reason whatsoever and you have to pay to get back.

This to see the sea that is called our birthright. I don't know whether entertainment tax has to be paid.—F. W. Baker, Wick Lane, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

### Thirsty Women

Farm labourers are having to go without a drink because no port and sherry is entering the country.

You may wonder how it can happen, seeing that farm labourers are not port and sherry drinkers.

Women who can no longer get wine have turned to beer. Supplies for regular beer drinkers are therefore considerably depleted. Farm labourers work long hours and usually can't reach their "local" until late.

And the late bird misses the beer.—Licensee, Hertford.

### Wrong Box

Still the clamour to have Joanna Southcott's box opened.

Then, apparently, we should solve Britain's troubles!

Why not open the darned thing and have done with it?—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

**When you open the deuced things and find nothing you are told: "It must be the wrong box," and you have to start all over again with another receptacle.**

### Winston's Washing

That reader who sneers at soldiers who send their underwear home for mother to wash and darn makes me very angry.

Many fellows in my section do it. It gives mothers or wives a pleasurable task. It maintains the link of family life. It makes them feel that husbands or sons are not so far away.

Moreover, it is an expression of confidence in a woman's domestic abilities.

For my part, I feel the 8d. I spend on postage every fortnight is very well spent.—Signalman John Wilcox, Lovibonds Avenue, Orpington, Kent.

**Winston did his own washing as a young soldier on active service. And darning. It made him (as it makes sailors) an ideal husband.**

### So Simple!

It is too easy to become "reserved," and therefore protected so far as service in the Fighting Forces is concerned.

We did it so much better in the last war.

Then applicants for reservation could be submitted to a trade test. Genuineness was assured by specialists, who had no other aim than that a man should be employed to the best possible advantage. —William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicester.

**How true. A business man has bought a farm, bestowed a cottage on each son, made each a farmer. A dealer in antiques, young, strong, has blossomed out as an examiner of aircraft. How do they do it? Ask us another.**

### Kick for Hitler

I was waiting for a 'bus in an Essex main road when a gang of men were fixing studs in the road.

They had just started to sink a new stud when one of the men reported it was time to knock off for the day.

"Well, what about finishing this one as a kick at Hitler?" said another member of the gang.

They drove it in, rather viciously, I thought—but I liked the spirit.—Lieutenant, Royal Artillery, Tottenham, N.

### Rising Man

I went to prison for a motoring offence. It was the first time I had ever been in trouble.

When I returned to liberty my name was dropped from the fire-watching rota. Nobody would speak to me. I met with nothing but scorn, although the nature of my offence didn't merit it.

Anyhow, I volunteered for the R.A.F. They saw nothing wicked in me. I wear their uniform proudly. I hope to do a spot of real fighting.

I was in a reserved occupation, and had to obtain my firm's consent to leave them. Critics: the R.A.F. if you wish, but they, and I, and my employers, have no time for the you-are-down-and-must-never-rise-again fraternity.—H. H. S., Sheridan Street, Leicester. (Writer gave name for publication, but we think it best to omit it.)

### Ground Pilots

Bader, the legless "ace," is lost to us.

Surely pilots who achieve great things should be given a rest from dangerous work and set to train others.

They earn a respite. And surely their knowledge is of great value.—R. William Lock, c/o 84, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Gloucester.

**R.A.F. has a scheme whereby men who distinguished themselves can rest while giving instruction to others. Unfortunately, many of them get hot and angry at the offer.**

### Ask the Architects

Architects should have a separate organisation or corps in His Majesty's Forces.

The recent militia camp scandal, with intense military confusion, reinforces this idea.

Every profession is represented in the Army except the architects, who have to submerge their identity in the Royal Engineers.

The Royal Corps of Architects would be wholly responsible for military buildings, and so relieve the Royal Engineers for more important duties elsewhere.

The building knowledge of the average R.E. officer is elementary, and he cannot be expected to have the experience of a fully qualified architect who has spent a lifetime at the job.—J. E. Rhind, A.R.I.B.A., Chartered Architect, Weybourne, near Farnham, Surrey.

### What a War!

I am an unemployed centre lathe turner with eleven years' experience.

When I went to sign on I noticed a brand-new notice displayed asking for men to be trained as centre lathe turners.

Yet when I asked for a job I was told: "Nothing doing."—W. G., Accrington, Lanca.

### Another Square Peg

My son, seventeen, having lived his life among woods and cliffs, volunteered for forestry work.

They sent him first to a steam laundry, next to a manure works, and finally to paper the walls of an Army camp.

A child of the fresh air, he never works in the fresh air nowadays. And they tell him he can't leave the job.

Meanwhile we bring men from thousands of miles away to do forestry.—Mrs. E. Stephenson, St. John Street, Bridlington, E. Yorks.

# SAVING MORE SOULS

IN the Battle of the Atlantic the gallant crews of our merchant vessels have to fight not only the Nazis but also the ocean, cold and exposure, fire, hunger and thirst, and the other killers which so often complete the Nazis' work.

Thanks to new safety devices, and to regulations now being made compulsory in all vessels sailing the "danger zones," our sailors are now far better armed against Hitler's ally—Nature.

## *Automatic SOS*

Tragically often we have read of ships' boats which have drifted unseen for weeks, covering thousands of miles while their crews died of thirst or exposure.

**Such tragedies will soon be rare.**

**A new type of "suit-case radio transmitter" has been perfected and before long will be carried on most ships. It is designed especially for emergency work.**

**Compact, waterproof and buoyant, it can be thrown overboard in a second, and will float until taken aboard a lifeboat.**

**So, even if the sunken ship's radio operator had no time to summon help, the survivors will be able to send out a call.**

**Small as it is, this set has a range of up to 200 miles. It can be used even by unskilled hands, for an "automatic keying outfit" sends out a stream of SOS calls at the pressure of a button.**

**Already the "suit-case radio" has proved its worth by saving a boat with 17 survivors aboard. A destroyer over 90 miles away heard its call and brought rescue within seven hours.**

**Soon most ships will carry at least one of these transmitters, and also smaller receivers, built on the same lines, which will enable lifeboats to pick up instructions from rescue vessels.**

Torpedo attack is so sudden and devastating that crews often have no time to lower boats or even to don ordinary lifebelts.

So a new type of safety waistcoat, which can be worn by the men in danger zones *all the time they are at work*, is now in use.

It is a thin, sleeveless jacket of cotton drill, filled with kapok, but so buoyant that it will indefinitely support the wearer with another man clinging to him.

The Government has ordered the compulsory use of this jacket, which has been turned out in thousands by a score of firms. It costs only ten shillings.

## *Unsinkable Rafts*

**Several new-type rafts have been perfected since the war—including one which is unsinkable by machine-gun fire and can be sailed upside-down. Equipment and provisions can be reached whichever side is upward.**

Another raft is so fixed at an acute angle to the side of the ship that a slight kick sends it sliding smoothly into the sea.

R.A.F., Navy and Merchant Service all use a chemical which "dyes" the surrounding sea a bright yellow, visible far off, to attract rescue.

Several ingenious gadgets to assist night rescues have been perfected.

One is a conspicuous red-and-white buoy, carrying a light on top of a small mast.

This automatically starts to flash the SOS as the buoy hits the sea, and continues for two days. Flashing lamps for lifebelts, and red "lapel lights" worked by a battery in the pocket have also been tried out.

Frostbite and "trench feet" have tortured many survivors in open boats, so drums of special oil for the massage of limbs are now carried.

## *Food and Water*

Scientists have perfected concentrated foods and "thirst-quenchers," and regulations now enforce far larger water rations in each boat or raft.

Experiments are being made with portable "distillers" to turn sea-water into drinking water.

To end the horror of tankers' lifeboats engulfed by flaming oil pouring across the surface, the Ministry of War Transport have placed large orders for protective devices to be carried by all tankers.

**The hulls, mast, oars and hoods of lifeboats are being so fireproofed that they can sail across a sea of burning oil.**

**An asbestos "blanket" can be tied over each boat as an additional shield, and hand-worked spray pumps throw a cooling screen of water over the woodwork.**

In addition, each member of the crew is being given a fireproof fabric "suit."

"Abandon ship!" will always be a dreaded call, but these and other devices now in the experimental stage are taking from it some of its former horror.

**Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER**

**Our candid contributor is taking a brief holiday, but will be back again next week to answer readers' queries on topics of national importance, in his inimitable vein.**

**"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY**

★

***By W. A. Sweeney***

*The name of H. G. Denton blinded him from every bookshop, and there were many of them in this town*

# MASQUERADE

SIGHING happily, Mr. George Bunter prepared to leave the carriage of his train as it drew up at Bilbury.

"Rivers was right. This looks the most peaceful little spot on earth."

Rivers had recommended Bilbury for Bunter's holiday. He was tired and all he asked for a fortnight was—peace and the country, away from London, which had become intolerable to him, depressing him, stifling him.

Bilbury was a blitzless haven, too, it seemed.

The station bookstall caught Mr. Bunter's eye as he stepped out of the train. It was a remarkable sight.

Though there were many books displayed there for sale, the man in charge of that stall didn't seem to think much of any of them except one. That book was *Autumn Gold*, by H. G. Denton, and it was displayed from every angle.

It looked down from the north, up from the south, encompassed you on the east and west, and a victorious banner ran across the background (presumably for people afflicted with nearly total blindness)—"*Autumn Gold*, by H. G. Denton. On sale here. 8s. 6d. net."

*Autumn Gold* was, of course, a best seller.

Mr. George Bunter passed on through the narrow streets, glancing with interest at the little shops, and then stopped again at another bookshop. This shopkeeper had erected a handsome pyramid of volumes in the centre of his window—*Autumn Gold*, by H. G. Denton—though he had conceded to scatter a few books by other authors around it, like "supers" on the stage.

"Seems to be very popular here, that book," murmured Mr. Bunter.

Farther on he was impelled to pause before still another bookseller's, whose window presented a striking spectacle.

THE floor and the three walls were draped in pale-blue silk, while in the centre stood a pedestal, in darker blue, on which was perched—like a solitary frock in a high-class dressmaker's—*Autumn Gold*, by H. G. Denton. Nothing else, save a streamer across the background with the message, like a trumpet-call, "H. G. Denton's *Autumn Gold*. On sale within."

As he strolled along to the quiet family hotel to which he had been recommended Mr. Bunter saw the novel several times again. The name of H. G. Denton blinded him from every bookshop, and there were many of them in this town.

Other objects he saw a lot of were—children and mothers and nursemaids

"Evacuees," murmured Mr. Bunter. "Might have expected that, of course. Hope it's not too overcrowded, though," he reflected uneasily. "I need 'peace.'"

The landlady of the family hotel eyed Mr. Bunter unenthusiastically. He was carrying his suitcase. A shabby rainproof coat disclosed the lower extremities of well-worn, baggy trousers. He was fattish, middle-aged, bespectacled, and he fumbled his trilby nervously, and didn't, decided the landlady, "speak like a gentleman."

Anyway, she had one room left and he took it. He paid a week, and then came the formality of signing the book. Mr. Bunter signed and went upstairs to his room.

Evidence of the invasion of evacuees was all over the place—in the shape of baby-coaches cluttering up all available space and small, inquisitive faces peeping at Mr. Bunter from behind corners—but he didn't care.

"I only want to be left to myself," he reflected, "and I'll see that I am. Two weeks' oblivion is what I want."

He was walking cheerfully across to look at the view from his window when he stopped suddenly as if paralysed.

"Oh, my heavens! What have I done?"

He stood, as if incapable of movement, a look of stupid amazement, incredulity on his face.

"I've signed—signed H. G. Denton in that damned book instead of George Bunter! What came over me? Am I going daft or what?"

Well, the name of H. G. Denton, author of *Autumn Gold*, had been burned into his consciousness since he left the train, as if with branding irons. It was no wonder the first words he wrote were H. G. Denton, for Bunter was peculiarly susceptible to visual impressions, anyway. Scenes, names, objects photographed themselves on his mind, though he was curiously absent-minded otherwise.

HE sat down heavily in a chair. He was a very shy man and shrank at the thought of going back and stammering out some idiotic excuse to that landlady with the glittering eye. How could he say:

"Excuse me, I signed the wrong name. Signed Denton, the author's name, ha, ha! Not my name at all—Bunter it is, *tck, tck!*" She'd probably send for the police.

There seemed nothing to do about it, and he went out for a walk till dinner-time. Again he saw H. G. Denton's name all over the place.

"They seem to be daft about that book in this place," he muttered, dodging a covey of nursemaids and prams on the pavement.

As Mr. Bunter entered the dining-room that evening the landlady's smile confirmed his worst forebodings. All conversation stopped, and was only resumed in rather subdued tones, as if in the presence of the dead or a deity.

The landlady had passed the word around.

As she came over to Mr. Bunter and enquired tenderly if the fish was to his liking, he immediately lost his appetite.

Even with eyes bent over his plate, he could feel the appraising glances from the other diners around him. Immediately after dinner he fled to his bedroom, like a hunted man, and there he asked himself what might not be the final consequences of his insane mistake.

He sat perspiring and worrying for two hours.

Near to Mr. Bunter's table sat a party of two women and a young man—a sharp-eyed young man who looked at Bunter in a direct, disconcerting manner. Mr. Bunter took an instant dislike to him; he had a prying look about him and, as a matter of fact, was a London policeman. As Mr. Bunter was about to rise from the table the following day this young man stepped over to him and, pulling out a chair, sat down opposite and said:

"I wonder if you'd mind autographing these for my wife and her sister, Mr. Denton?" He held out two autograph albums.

Something related to panic seized Mr. Bunter.

"Afraid I can't," he stammered, very red.

"You can't?" with cold surprise and suspicion.

DANGLING his right hand helplessly, Mr. Bunter said: "Got cramp or something. Can't write a line."

"Ah, writer's cramp, I suppose. I've heard of that."

"That's it. Dreadfully sorry, and all that. Any other time. . . ." The other murmured something and departed.

"My holiday's ruined!" moaned Mr. Bunter. "Completely. Through that idiotic ——"

As he finished his coffee and was going upstairs for a read and a nap he saw the landlady lying in wait for him with a toothsome smile and—oh, heavens!—accompanied by the autograph-hunting copper.

"Mr. Denton," purred the landlady, "every Thursday evening we have a little—er—*coterie*, a literary and musical evening in the hotel, and we wondered if you would honour us by presiding this evening. Mr. Saltby here has presided every night since he came to visit his wife and her sister and the children, but"—she simpered—"I'm sure he'd give place to *you* to-night."

Mr. Bunter looked at Mr. Saltby and loathed him more than ever.

"I take a great interest in literature, Mr. Denton," said the young policeman. "I'm president of our divisional debating society, of course, and we often have literary debates. What is your opinion of Priscilla B. Stimping as a poetess, Mr. Denton?"

"I'm—er—afraid I don't know the lady's works," murmured the unhappy Bunter.

"Don't — know — Priscilla—B.—Stimping?" He stared at Mr. Bunter incredulously and then looked away. "She's my wife's favourite poetess," he added, "though I can't say I admire *all* her *Thoughts*."

"So may we count on you for to-night, Mr. Denton?" coaxed the landlady.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, but I'm afraid not. You see—the fact is, I'm—I'm—," Mr. Bunter had an idea—"I'm not allowed to speak much. Doctor's orders. Laryngitis." As he finished his voice had sunk to a croak.

"How unfortunate!" The landlady's disappointment was mingled with something like suspicion.

"Came on suddenly?" asked the policeman, and there was no mistaking the tone of his question.

Mr. Bunter hurried away.

"H'm!" said the policeman, looking after him.

"H'm!" said the landlady. "He seems to have a lot of maladies."

"Everything except the plague. He doesn't look much like a successful, distinguished author, does he?"

"Certainly doesn't."

"If you ask me," went on the policeman, "there's something fishy about that bloke. Do you think that an author like H. G. Denton wouldn't have read Priscilla B. Stimping's poems?"

"Did seem odd to me."

WHEN Mr. Bunter came in about tea-time he was met again by the landlady.

"A reporter from the *Budget* has called, Mr. Denton."

"A reporter!" The colour drained from Bunter's face.

"Yes, I said you'd be in for dinner, and he promised to call after dinner if you could see him then."

"Th—thank you," said Mr. Bunter feebly, and went upstairs and sat down to think.

"And all I wanted was peace," he murmured.

This was the end. He must leave this place at once. He glanced at the clock and then went out to a post office far from the hotel and there he sent a telegram urgently recalling himself to London.

"It should be delivered within an hour," he calculated. After wandering around the streets, a disconsolate, worried figure whose holiday was over, he returned to the hotel.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Denton," announced the landlady.

"Ah, thank you." He mounted to his room, packed his belongings and rang the bell for the landlady.

"Mrs. Brimstow, I'm very sorry, but I've had a telegram recalling me to London. Have just time to catch the 7 o'clock train."

"You haven't opened the telegram yet, Mr. Denton," she said coldly, eyeing the pink envelope in his hand.

Mr. Bunter turned scarlet. "Know what's in it without looking," he mumbled, quite truthfully, as he had sent it. "Will you get me a taxi, please?"

As he entered the taxi a little later a group was watching him from the window.

"If ever I saw a fraud there goes one," said the young policeman. "Only I haven't enough evidence——" He paused and looked away, very professional.

"Did you see how he got the wind up when he thought the Press was coming to show him up?" said his wife.

"And that faked telegram," said the landlady.

MR. BUNTER went straight to his flat in Jermyn Street, London.

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed his man. "Back already? I didn't expect you for a fortnight, sir."

"I was hounded out, hunted down, pursued and persecuted, Sanders, by a hotel full of raging evacuees and their relatives! I went for peace and got none, because I absentmindedly signed the hotel book with my pen-name instead of my own."

And Mr. Bunter, otherwise H. G. Denton, shyest celebrated author in England, threw himself into an armchair and called for a drink.

# Two Foolish People

**HUMANIST stresses the danger of over-long engagements, castigates a proud young man, and advises a war widow who wants to marry again.**

SOMETIMES a letter interests me not for what it contains but for what has been omitted.

A young man tells me that he courted a girl for four years and then became engaged, but he had made up his mind not to marry until his financial position was absolutely secure.

The girl's family made things unpleasant because she was not earning money, so she applied for a position as housekeeper. She went without leaving any address.

After several years of silence came the news that she had married a widower of fifty with grown-up sons, and she had a child of nearly two. The young man tells me:

I wrote to her and we saw one another at intervals. Gradually, through these meetings, she told me how unhappy she was.

She had made a ghastly mistake. As I still cared for her, I listened with a sympathetic ear.

I told her how much I loved her and offered to take her back, with her child, if she was willing.

The husband knows that we see one another, but does not make any vigorous protest. He says she let me down by marrying him and now she wants to let him down by returning to me.

He cannot afford to divorce her and we have given him no grounds.

We are now both twenty-eight years of age, but the husband is fifty-four. We have many years in front of us, and it seems wrong that we should miss a lifetime of happiness through one bad mistake.

He wants to know how the girl can get free in order to marry him. The answer is that she cannot.

The husband has not deserted her; he is not an incurable lunatic; he is not unfaithful.

But the problem interests me because the writer has passed over what must have been a big crisis without a word of explanation.

A girl does not disappear for years without letting her fiancé know where she is.

Nor does she rush into marriage with an elderly man without some extraordinary reason.

Was she tired of being kept waiting year after year? Was there a big quarrel that was not mentioned in the story?

Both are responsible for the dilemma in which they find themselves to-day. The man delayed too long; the girl was too reckless.

Another young man appears to be both hurt and indignant because he has been jilted twice:

Before I joined up, I was in a good position which is being kept open for me. I have been well educated and don't think I am less intelligent or sociable than other men of my age.

But both girls accused me of being proud—and this seems to be the trouble.

I admit I am proud, but I really cannot understand why this should be reckoned against me. Can you tell me, Humanist, why pride is one of the deadly sins?

Well, I wonder if the girls did really tell him he was too proud? I rather suspect they accused him of being too "stuck up"! There is a difference.

It has been said that the Oxford man walks down the street as if he owned it, whereas the Cambridge man walks down the street as if he does not care a hoot who does own it.

I can appreciate both those varieties of pride. Why should any man (unless he is wanted by the police) look abject and apologetic for being in existence?

But the sort of pride which bullies and blusters and brags is entirely objectionable. So is social snobbery.

Spiritual pride is abominable, too: the spirit of the Pharisee who ostentatiously thanks God that he is not as other men.

A third problem comes from a young widow:

I had the great misfortune to lose my husband last September. I felt as if the world had been blown to pieces under my feet.

I have one child—a boy of two. I made up my mind to live for him. He was the one great consolation in my loss.

Recently, however, I have had an offer of marriage from a man I have known since school-days. We were actually sweethearts for a short time.

I know we could be happy together. My anxieties about the future would disappear.

But I am being criticised to my face and talked about behind my back. There seems to be a feeling that I ought not to think of marrying because it shows a lack of respect for my husband.

A second marriage is a compliment to the deceased partner; it indicates that the experience of being married was happier than single life.

Though haste to remarry would be indecent, the writer of the letter has waited a year already, and no doubt to her it has seemed a very long year.

She will not forget her first husband, and her son will be a perpetual reminder of their happiness together.

*Both patience and impatience caused the dilemma for which they vainly seek an easy way out*

## THE COMMON GOOD

*NO Nation can win this War if Man's needs it dares disregard, and no Megalomaniac will thrive though he builds a glittering facade across the face of the earth so that he may become the Mouthpiece of the World while the Common Herd remain dumb! But the Common Herd survives when Puppets are swept away, it's only the GOOD for GOOD OF ALL that has Power to rule and STAY.*

*NO Nation can win this War out of its own War Power, though it march from success to victory with every passing hour. Though it lift the earth from its base as its torrents of Death descend, though it choke all the seas with DEAD it still will FAIL in the end, for the Balance of Power will remain on the side For the Good of Man. This is God's Blue Print for Life since Life and Living Began.*

J. M.

# DEATH IN HIDING IN THE BALKANS

*The War Wolf, who leads 100,000 men in continual battle, is hero of this week's story of "Europe's Ghost Armies*

By ROBERT WESTON

ALREADY the Ghost Army of the Balkans has many victories to its credit; victories which have stamped its leader, Voyoda Vuk, known as the War Wolf, among the greatest guerilla leaders of all time.

Vuk, famous for his deeds as leader of the Albanian comitadjis against the Italians, has gathered around him an army believed to be nearly 100,000 strong.

Protected by the mountains, and knowing every inch of their battlefield, these men are playing havoc with the armies of occupation.

The German Commandant has offered a reward of £8,000 for Voyoda Vuk, dead or alive. Vuk just laughs, and at his headquarters goes on training men whom he considers will make ideal agents and leaders.

## Spreading the Movement

Recently a German mechanised force was sent into the mountains with orders to "get" the guerillas. Armed with the most modern weapons of war, and aided by dive-bombers, the Huns travelled over 200 miles, but of the guerillas who had been causing them so much trouble there was no sign.

Late one evening the sentry at one point spotted a blazing fire on a distant mountain.

Off the *Panzers* sped through rocky valleys. As the tanks clanked on their way, keen eyes looked down gun-sights. Big-muscled Slavs stood ready to roll huge boulders down the hillside. Sturdy comitadjis, rifles in their hands and bared knives between their teeth, waited for the order to sweep to the attack.

At last the signal came—a rifle-shot. Boulders crashed down the hillside on to the tanks. Merciless rifle-fire swept the armoured columns. Death lurked on every side for the surprised and terrified Nazis.

When the tank crews were completely demoralised, the comitadjis went into action.

Like wild men they leapt down the mountainside. Hundreds of their comrades had perished at the hands of Goering's *Luftwaffe*. Scores of their relatives had been butchered by the Huns. Now they were taking their vengeance!

That night some 300 Nazis were killed. Dozens of tanks were put out of action. Others were taken back to Vuk's headquarters, and are being used against the Nazi aggressor.

In the Pindus Mountains, the much-vaunted Alpini, Mussolini's pride and joy, have suffered heavily at the hands of Vuk and his merry men.

At the darkest hour of the night, comitadjis under the direction of their famous leader have been attacking Italian bases and supply waggons. Hundreds of lorries, armoured cars, rifles and Italian uniforms have been captured by the Ghost Army.

One party of these tough hillmen did fall into a Nazi trap.

German soldiers some 2,000 strong attacked the guerillas from the rear when they were making one of their night patrols, and for the first time Vuk lost prisoners to the enemy.

## Silent under Torture

Under conditions which even the Romans of old would have thought unpleasant, the guerillas were questioned about their comrades. The Germans demanded to know their hiding-place. How large was Voyoda Vuk's army? Where could they find his district commanders?

To all questions the brave Serbs, Croats, Slavs and Greeks who make up the Ghost Army of the Balkans kept a dignified silence. Even when tortured by methods too horrible to relate they refused to break their silence. So the commandant ordered their removal to a prison camp.

Then came a favourite Nazi trick.

Eighty of Vuk's men were given an opportunity to escape. Within a few minutes every man had been killed. German photographers took pictures.

Next day the German-controlled newspapers carried these pictures on their front pages, together with the story of how the hillmen had tried to escape. This was meant as a warning to the rest of the Balkans; but instead it became the signal for an even bigger revolt.

## Rapid Vengeance

Before twelve hours had passed men were swooping down from the hills to avenge their comrades.

Factories were smashed. Towns left blazing ruins.

Vuk, too, was determined to even matters with the Huns, and, at great risk to himself, ventured into the enemy camp and caused havoc.

Master of six languages, it was easy for him, after his three years at the Berlin Army Academy, to impersonate a Nazi officer. In a General's uniform he had captured some weeks before, he entered one defence post near the foot of the mountains.

Vuk, saying a guerilla attack was likely, produced official-looking documents and took command.

That night scores of shadows flitted into the post. Not a sound did they make. Years of training had made them super-stalkers.

At dawn the German force was disarmed. More of the comitadjis arrived on the scene, and valuable weapons, food and medical supplies were collected and taken to the mountain stronghold.

Following the death of fifty-eight of their comrades from food and water poisoning, the Nazi invaders are scared to eat their food.

The rifle, knife and terror tactics of Vuk's Balkan Ghost Army are paying big dividends.

Soon, when he is confident that he has weapons and ammunition enough to make his biggest sweep, the hero of the hills will make the Nazis regret they ever set foot on Balkan soil!

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# THE LAST LAUGH

MILLIE (Lincoln).—"I stayed away from the garden party on account of a personal matter." They failed to send you an invitation?

T. W. (London, N.).—"I saw you in your car the other day. It is a fine bus; I wish I could afford to run it." So do we!

S. S. (Sutton).—"Many things are done in the name of charity." And people.

F. F. (London, W.).—"As a man who has knocked about a bit, I say there's no place like home." Something unpleasant happened at the club?

E. N. (Edinburgh).—"My friends in the Fighting Services simply love to receive my letters." We cannot share their enthusiasm.

SAM (Tynemouth).—"A chicken on a farm near here drank some alcohol from a bowl and became intoxicated. I've never seen a chicken drunk before." We have, frequently. That's when it was made into broth.

K. L. (Morley).—"My heart stopped with fear. What is worse than getting a real fright?" Looking one.

L. W. (Saltash).—"I've done a good many silly things in my time, but I still ponder what exactly is the height of folly." We suggest it's spending your last bob on a purse.

A. K. (Dunstable).—"It is said that wood is eaten in Germany. Would you eat it?" Certainly. Only last night we bolted the door.

E. L. (Felling).—"What is there to console a man in prison?" The thought that he hasn't to get up in the middle of the night to see if there are burglars in the place.

N. M. (Colchester).—"The only thing missing from the house after a visit from a burglar was an umbrella. Most mysterious." Not at all. Think back and try to remember who lent it to you originally.

P. N. (Spilsby).—"I entered the tobacconist's shop but there was no sign of the proprietor." He was probably taking stock under the counter.

D. B. (Ripon).—"I am never happier than when I am at the wheel of my car." Even when it's the one that needs changing?

G. N. (Grimsby).—"I know how to clinch a good deal." Are you a heavyweight boxer?

J. T. (Kew).—"When arrested he was wearing two of the stolen wrist-watches." And now, we suppose, he has even more time on his hands.

T. L. (Deal).—"According to the German radio the Fuehrer's headquarters on the Eastern Front are furnished very simply." We expect, however, that he *did* bring a strip of carpet to have unsatisfactory generals on.

E. S. (Blandford).—"There's a fortune in horse-racing." We know. Some of ours went there in our younger days.

Miss K. (Dulwich).—"I was furious with my boy friend when his car broke down on a lonely road." Why, did he try to start it too soon?

B. N. (Southend).—"I was surprised to find my neighbour in the bar the other evening. Only the previous day he told me he had given up drinking for his health." And what is he drinking for now?

SPINSTER (Dagenham).—"I think I could find someone to take me out if I looked really hard." It may be that's been your trouble in the past.

K. M. (Bagshot).—"How long had you known your wife before you were married?" We didn't know her at all; we only thought we did.

A. H. (Boreham Wood).—"An apiarist must have good nerves." It's no good coming over all temperamental if his favourite bee doesn't get home before black-out.

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**

*"I see they've made yer a Corporal, mate. Well, I was nearly made one meself once. And if I 'adn't 'ad influence I would 'ave been."*

## Side-Slips

CARMARTHEN JOURNAL:—"The WAR was reduced to wreckage, partly on top of the four-foot wall."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—". . . and flew Drake's flag when he 'SIGNED the King of Spain's beard.'"

The Sergeant-Major SWEARS by KOLYNOS of course!
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## GREATEST OF THESE

● John Foy is a pensioner from the last war who willingly joined up again. After being wounded in the chest and having his right thumb amputated, he has been discharged as unfit for further service.

It is impossible for him to work at present—and he has to support a daughter of fourteen, who is blind in one eye.

Moreover, having only his pension of 12s. a week and National Health Insurance of 15s., he cannot pay rent, insurance, etc., and obtain sufficient nourishment to regain strength.

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We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

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Example: "V" Stands For Victory And
Bullet: Sonny's First Swipe! Guess?

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Example: The Question Is
Bullet: The "Stage Hubby's In."

£5: L. Dutton, 152, Chester Rd., Erdington, Birm. Stronghold Of Democracy—With Inclined "Gardens," Perm.

£4: F. Wakefield, 51, Brixham Crescent, Rolds. Voice Of Humanity—Henry Silent Anthem Bells.

£3: S. T. Hawkins, 8, Treasa Gardens, Seven Kings. The Question Is World-wide—How Long?

£2: P. Smith, 14, Fishmoors Street, Warrington. Guns He Seized Up—Rather, Puter—Puter—Fighter!

£2a.: Miss H. Seale, 95, Yew Tree Av., Manchester. Up To The Boats—Only Cannons Still Looks!

£2a.: J. Lonsdale, 20, Hill Street, Whitehaven. Trembles—"Queue" Waiting For Mother.

£2a.: J. Hudson, 28, Bromley Street, Hanging Heaton, Batley.
Hitler's Gloves, Red—Only Feeling Himself, Now.

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When Red Was Saving—Different "Hod" Ground Frozen.

£2a.: R. Beeden, 2, Canal Cottes., Spinkhill, nr. Sheffield. Voice Of Humanity—Sergeant's, When Addressing Medic!

A list of 2 Winners of £2a., 20 Winners at 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

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## brought on Lumbago .. Fynnon Salt stopped it!

*Mr. P. W. says:* "*Having had pain in my back for the last six months I tried nearly everything for it, one after the other, but failed. I had only to step a little quickly when a stabbing pain would run up my back. Then I read of Fynnon. Am now on my third tin and must say I am, and feel, better. My pains were indescribable. I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough.*"

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NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

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## Stopped Her SERIOUS SKIN DISEASE

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"An accident left me with a severe skin disease. The irritation became unbearable and sleep impossible. I was advised to try Germolene. Relief from irritation was immediate. It removed an impossible [illegible] and a small tin of Germolene should do this when [illegible] other ointments had failed. This was 6 months ago. No reputation—this [illegible] in fact a completely cured."

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36" 29" 28" 27" 26" 32"

[illegible] WAY of [illegible]
THREE or 7D

BRITANNIA
[illegible] THE WOM[illegible]
[illegible] FOR PEACE AN[illegible]
TO CRUSH THE AGGRES[illegible]
ALL WE'VE GOT
IN GERMAN HANDS
RIDDED THE BUS
THRILLING STORY
OVERWHELMING
WINTER'S ON THE WAY, SO
TASTING DEFEAT

[illegible] your choice [illegible] by Odhams Press.

TARGET FOR [illegible]
GRANDPA'S A[illegible], SO
FLIRTING WITH [illegible]
TO SAVE HIS [illegible]
REGARDLESS OF [illegible]
WHEN [illegible] is NEEDED

BULLETS 1,287 RESULT [illegible] page 14

SURNAME
BULLET
SURNAME
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

This paper only readily eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps value at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... Re.....

1,291 Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 22.

Signed.....

Address .....

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—Cash Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Sample Cash Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, last to this case being aptness and economy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. A consolation £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Competitor Board is nil, not penalt. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword solutions sent. Two Xword solutions FREE with each 6d. paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£125 ONE WEEK ONLY!

£100 FIRST PRIZE

RUNNERS-UP £25 PRIZES VALUE

For result of Xword No. 239, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter as coupon below.

TRY THESE 3 GUINEA 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 245

| CLUES Answer every clue by printing letter in every Column. | 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. | 5p | 5p | 5p |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | B L L | | | |
| Buddies rarely attempt one | S T R K E | | | |
| Student of these eyes leaves from those who do this | O S E | | | |
| Professional hostler who frequently escorts to them isn't likely to be kept on long | W I E S | | | |
| Nurse-hand in uniting the trouble at the [illegible] of this | O R K | | | |
| Possession of one always enables admission to discussion unit | A N T E R | | | |
| In hot weather those who do this a great deal [illegible] between cold current | B K E | | | |
| Climbing deep receive additional help from | W L L | | | |
| [illegible] | A N K | | | |
| [illegible] | G O W | | | |
| Many people find there's very acceptable [illegible] | F L K E S | | | |
| [illegible] | T I T E | | | |
| [illegible] | A L T | | | |
| [illegible] | C R S S | | | |

FREE ENTRIES found in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 coloured submitted. 2 coloured FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" Co. 1,291—or Xword No. 245, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

# MILK

...d.
...en-
...eserve
...pplies have
...ing from overseas.

...rinking far more milk than ever before. Unfortunately in the winter even the most patriotic cows give less milk—war or no war. If we all went on using liquid milk at the present rate, during the winter months, there would not be enough to go round. But there will be more than enough of condensed milk and milk powder to fill the gap.

Mothers and babies and children must have first call on liquid milk. That is the doctors' advice. Invalids too must be supplied. The reason for having milk registration is not to ration liquid milk, but to see that those whose physical need is greatest are assured of their supplies.

The supply of liquid milk this winter should be as much as the public consumed in any winter before the war. By reserving our fresh milk for expectant mothers and babies and children, while the rest of us use more condensed milk in our puddings, with our breakfast foods and in our beverages, we are winning another victory on the Food Front.

**FOOD FACTS**

No. 57

Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1

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# What do I do... before the long nights come again?

I try to recall the lessons of last winter, and I test my black-out IMMEDIATELY.
I put my shelter arrangements into good order *now*, seeing that everything is made ready—and watertight if necessary—before the bad weather comes. I check over my first-aid box to see that everything needed is there, and make certain that I have handy some clean drinking water which is changed daily.

**Cut this out—and keep it!**

*Issued by the Ministry of Information*
*Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society*

---

**Blood on your brush means danger...**

It warns you of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum bleeding (gingivitis). To stop this, use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. The Sodium Ricinoleate it contains is what your own dentist uses for gum treatment. Use Gibbs S.R. *regularly* and keep firm, healthy gums.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

7½d & 1/6

GR 109-9-41 R. & P. GIBBS LTD., ISLEWORTH

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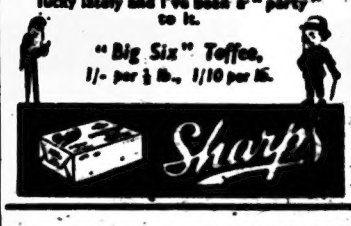
THE AMBULANCE DRIVER SAYS...

*Sharp's the word for me*

and **SHARPS ARE DOING THEIR BEST**

V . . . — It's a "case" when you can't get Sharp's, but many have been lucky lately and I've been a "party" to it.

"Big Six" Toffee, 1/- per ½ lb., 1/10 per lb.

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# LETTERS HOME!

## Active Service Tributes to 'ASPRO'

Men on active service have spared some of their precious leisure moments to write home about the help 'ASPRO' has rendered. Their public-spirited action will be appreciated by all. Their tributes are conclusive evidence of 'ASPRO' service in the most trying conditions and others will be helped in all sorts of health emergencies by the knowledge that 'ASPRO' is at hand. Wherever your national duties may call you, in the home, in the factory, on the sea or overseas, remember 'ASPRO' is always ready to help. It dispels colds and summer chills in one night. It relieves pain and soothes the nerves as nothing else can. Many people exposed to unusual conditions are finding that 'ASPRO' dispels the severest rheumatic twinges and what is more important it gets down to the causes. So don't hesitate. Buy a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets and keep them handy for first-aid when pain or illness assails you.

***Testimony we are PROUD TO PUBLISH***

**"Tommy" Avoids Colds with 'ASPRO'**

Dear Sirs,—I write as a serving soldier to thank you for the wonderful results obtained from the use of 'ASPRO'. You will appreciate that it is very difficult to avoid catching cold at times. Whenever I feel a cold coming on I commence a course of 'ASPRO' immediately as instructed on the packet, and almost always manage to get the cold is prevented. I would recommend them to everybody subject to colds and especially members of the forces who will find them extremely beneficial and convenient to take. Yours faithfully, "TOMMY."

**'ASPRO' with the Forces Overseas**

Dear Sirs, ..... Regt.

Please allow me to express my gratitude for 'ASPRO'. Luckily they are on sale here. I simply swear by them and I can assure anyone from personal experience that they are perfectly safe. I take dozens and they have never done me anything but good. Yours gratefully, A. F. B., R.A.S.C.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO NEW REDUCED ASPRO PRICES 3½ 6½ 13½ 26½

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*For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart*

# Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

## *Take It—and Stop Limping!*

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *Elasto*. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal, piles disappear, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. It is the natural result of the revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*,' *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Write NOW for a generous free sample of 'Elasto' and interesting Booklet explaining this new science of Natural Healing *and make the discovery of a lifetime.*

'ELASTO,' (Dept. 18), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

'*Elasto*' *is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

---

# IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/5 and 3/5.

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